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THE NEW YEAR.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-ONE opens peaceably. The oracle of the Tuileries—the man upon whose will hang the issues of European politics, whose word may open or shut the Temple of Janus, has spoken to the assembled ambassadors of the European Powers at his Court, and his words have been words of peace, hope, and conciliation. As New Year's-day approached, the sensitive Bourses and Exchanges of the continent trembled like the leaves of the mimosa, lest they should be rudely stricken by the strong right hand that wields the destinies of France; and the prices of public securities in various countries went down, in anticipation of evil. But the imperial reply to Lord Cowley reassured the minds of diplomatists, bankers, and speculators; and the cloud upon the sky of commerce passed over without letting fall a drop of rain or hail. For the present Commerce suffers no evils but such as arise naturally out of its own operations, and which are governed by its own laws and necessities, and indulges the pleasing hope that until the spring, Europe will not be troubled by the Emperor of the French, or by any other potentate.

But, in the spring, what will happen if Italy and Hungary remain unsettled and unsatisfied? This is a question, which not even the Emperor of the French can answer. Though he may “regard the future with confidence, persuaded that the friendly understanding between the Great Powers will insure the maintenance of peace, which is the object of all his desires;” his confidence may not be justified by the facts. Although he fully understands his own position, and his own wants; and although his hands are strengthened by a more cordial reciprocity of good feeling between France and Great Britain than has existed at any period since the outbreak of the Crimean war, he may not be able to understand the policy, the obstinacy, the necessities, or the desperation of Austria, a power which may rush upon war, as the least of the many evils which beset her, and every one of which will grow with the year, and be at their climax at the very period, when armies are most readily fed, and most easily set in motion.

The Emperor of the French has no interest in war, nor do his people desire it, greedy as they are of military fame, and demoralized as they have become, by too frequent draughts from this intoxicating cup. He has proved that he is a soldier; he has beaten and humiliated Austria; he has won glory for himself, for his army, and for his nation; and he has raised the *prestige* of France to as high a point as it ever attained, even in the heyday of the career of his illustrious uncle. He may, therefore, be well content to rest upon his laurels, and wait the turn of events. For this reason his words of peace are not so important as his words of war. They but express a conviction in his mind which others may not share, and from which Austria more especially may differ. Austria is really at this moment the key of the European question; so that if Francis Joseph be not one of the Great Powers with whom the Emperor has a “friendly understanding,” we are much afraid that the peace of the Continent does not rest on so secure a basis as he would have the world believe.

The death of Frederick William IV. of Prussia, which took place on the second day of the year, is not an event of any importance, even in his own dominions. The functions of royalty exercised by the Prince Regent for the last few years, will continue to be exercised

by the same personage, under the superior title of King. This is the principal if not the only change that will take place; and the state-machine, nominally as well as actually under the guidance of a stronger will than that of the departed sovereign, will perhaps more efficiently perform its functions than was possible under the old regime. Frederick William IV. was a good man, but a bad king;—one of a class of which history offers but too many examples. His goodness, after all, was but weakness. Like James I., he was learned, wise, and witty; like Louis XVI., he was amiable and kind-hearted; and like both of these sovereigns, he had generous sympathies and a perverted judgment;—the conflict between which kept him in continual perplexity and trouble, and rendered him all but a nuisance to the people, whom he sincerely desired to govern conscientiously and liberally. It cannot exactly be said of him as Byron said of George III. :—

“A better farmer ne'er brush'd dew from lawn,
A worse king never left a realm undone.”

But the Prussians, and all who were ever within the circle of his influence, may truly say that a kindlier gentleman never adorned society; and that a more mischievous monarch never sat upon a throne.

Not the least important of the incidents that have already signalized a year which is but five days old, is the publication of an allocution from the Pope. The document is one prolonged groan of undignified agony. His Holiness not only seems to despair of his own temporal sovereignty and that of his successors, which he and they might well afford to relinquish, and be all the stronger for the sacrifice, but of the spiritual dominion which he and his predecessors have for ages claimed over the souls of men. If the principles of the Reformation, as the Pope says, have become the public law of Europe in civil matters, a wise Pope would, in the interest of the venerable hierarchy of which he is the head, endeavour to turn the fact to account for the interest of the religion in which he believes, and which it is his duty to uphold, to strengthen, and to extend.

But Pius IX. virtually gives up the struggle, in admitting his Church to be in any respect defeated by the principles of the Reformation—and will dishearten his co-religionists in every part of the world, who still cling to the idea that a Pope is and must be infallible. Pius IX. is not equal to his position. He scolds and curses when he ought to reason; he desponds when he ought to hope; he allows circumstances to overwhelm him, when, if he were anything like a true king, or a true priest, he would bend to them only to rise again above them when the pressure had passed, to twist them to the purposes which he inherited with his office. But he encourages his enemies by his displays of weakness; and invites assault by his woeful lack both of manly dignity and pastoral humility.

The faith of which he is the head is still a living fact in the history and in the government of the world; but it is so in spite of the Pope, who seems to cling with more pertinacity to his temporal crown, and to the loaves and fishes attached to his office, than to the spiritual dominion, which might, even without temporal power, maintain him on an equality with the greatest monarchs of the earth. But the days of the Papacy must be fast passing away, when the Pope himself gives up the battle. So much the better for all Europe.



THE CHINESE CORRESPONDENCE.

THE immediate publication of official despatches upon subjects of important national interest has, we rejoice to observe, become of late a habit with the Foreign Office. While deprecating the system of emasculated Blue-books, forced from the archives of a reluctant department, we feel bound to encourage the spontaneous issue of documents which enable us to judge for ourselves of the conduct of those who are employed upon difficult and distant services of the State. Not only is it due to those high functionaries that their acts should be read by the light of their own despatches, but it is equally the right of the public that they should not be kept in ignorance of the progress of events in which they have so large a stake. The more closely the system of secret diplomacy is adhered to, the more numerous will be the difficulties which the Government will create for themselves, and the oftener will they have to contend with an opposition based upon erroneous premises, and arguing upon insufficient, and generally incorrect data. Any person interested in the affairs of China has only to buy the *Gazette* of last week, to be enabled to judge for himself of the propriety of the course pursued by Lord Elgin in China under the very difficult and trying circumstances in which he was placed, and we shall be very much surprised if its perusal will not confirm the general opinion of that nobleman's diplomatic skill and sagacity.

We can anticipate the two principal objections which will be taken to his policy; and in all probability, with singular inconsistency, by the same class. Those who are opposed to Chinese wars upon moral grounds, will complain that a larger indemnity has not been exacted from the government. We are not prepared to defend all the acts of the government in its relations with China, though we believe that most of the misunderstandings which have taken place, have arisen inevitably from the contact of widely dissimilar races. If Englishmen will go to China to trade, the result is as certain as that effervescence follows the mixture of an acid and an alkali. Our government has only three courses open to it, either to forbid British subjects from setting foot in a country where their presence is offensive to the government, or to allow them to go at their own risk, and refuse them protection; a course which, had it been adopted at the outset, would have been followed by an absolute prohibition, by the Chinese government, to an Englishman to reside in the empire; or, thirdly, to permit British subjects to go to China in defiance of the wish of the government, and to protect them while there. This last has been the course followed by England, and it was practically the only course open to her. Out of the intercourse thus established, have arisen difficulties in which both parties have generally been in the wrong, but in the solution of which we have been invariably animated by a sincere desire for peace.

To this end, it is essential to act upon the Chinese Government so as to cause them to respect and fear us, without keeping up, at the same time, sources of irritation. The imposition of a heavy indemnity would foster a feeling of hostility, not only on the part of the Government, but of the people, who would be squeezed to pay it, while, as Lord Elgin says, "I hold on this point the opinion which is, I believe, entertained by all persons, without exception, who have investigated the subject, that in the present disorganized state of the Chinese Government, to obtain large pecuniary indemnities from it is simply impossible, and that all that can be done practically in the matter, is to appropriate such a portion of the customs revenue, as will still leave to it a sufficient interest in that revenue, to induce it to allow the natives to continue to trade with foreigners. It is calculated that it will be necessary to take 40 per cent of the gross custom's revenue of China for about four years, in order to procure payment of the indemnities already claimed by Baron Gros and me, under instructions from your Lordship and the French Government."

The next exception to Lord Elgin's policy, which will probably be taken by those who complain that the people of China have not been ground down to pay a larger indemnity, will be the barbarity of burning down the emperor's palace.

Is it by such means, they will argue, that you hope to inspire the Chinese with a respect for civilization, and certainly, although Britons in museums are the most destructive of mortals, it may strike an unthinking native, that this is pushing his favourite weakness a little too far.

But a few moments' consideration will justify the wisdom of the act. The object of the Chinese Government is the expulsion of all Europeans. The object of the British Government, whether rightly or wrongly, is not only to retain their subjects in China, but to protect them. The desideratum is to accomplish this with a hostile government without getting involved in war. The experience of nearly two centuries has culminated in the evidence of the fact that this can only be done by bringing pressure to bear on the capital when the emergency arises. In other words, that fear, and fear alone, is the only moral influence by which the government can be affected. To bring this pressure to bear, a resident minister is necessary in the capital. To protect him when there, it is essential to invest him with *prestige*. To do this, a striking proof must be afforded to the whole population, from the Emperor downwards, of

the power of the nation he represents. To a people barbarous and ignorant, that proof could only be given at the expense of the Emperor's own dignity. In fact, the *prestige* of which his Celestial Majesty has been robbed, has been transferred to Mr. Bruce, and, much as it may offend national prejudices at home, we must say that we regard the destruction of the Summer Palace as the wisest act that could have been devised for securing the maintenance of the treaty. It affects no one but the authorities who are the most likely to want to break it. It inflicts no hardship on the people, while it remains a striking evidence to the Emperor of our visit, and a constant warning to him not to render a repetition of it necessary.

It is due to Lord Elgin to say, that his immediate object in causing the destruction of this palace, was to inflict a just retribution upon the highest authorities for the cruel tortures to which our countrymen had been subjected—as it was impossible to obtain possession of the actual culprit, Sangkolinsin, who was beyond even the Imperial reach; but if anything could mitigate our regret for an occurrence so distressing and horrible as the fate of his victims, it would be the fact that this act of vengeance was forced upon our ambassador—since it is one involving political consequences which may, in some measure, compensate for its apparent barbarism, and the painful events which rendered it necessary. While we have been at some pains to defend this act upon grounds of political expediency, we do not mean to be supposed to have abandoned the position we have before adopted, in discussing the affairs of China; and would here reiterate our firm conviction, that the most moral as well as the most effectual way of inducing friendly relations with the people, and through them with the government of the country, would be by the introduction of those inventions and appliances of civilization which would carry with them the intellectual and social no less than the physical development of the resources of this great empire.

DISCOUNT, TRADE, AND REVENUE.

NOT more than seven years ago it was generally concluded that 3 per cent. was the natural rate of interest. Then Mr. Gladstone, to meet a supposed public want, created a $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. stock. Then learned actuaries, on this basis, set about capitalizing the income of the whole people with a view to levying a perfect income-tax. Alas! for financiers who share the ignorance and delusions of meaner men. The Bank minimum rate of discount, which corresponds to the rate of interest, rose to 10 per cent. in 1857, and is now, for the second time, in 1860, fixed at 6 per cent. Suddenly, on Monday, in a kind of panic, the Bank of England declared that it would lend no more money below 6 per cent., and all other lenders of money immediately followed its lead, and raised the terms on which they will discount bills. Six per cent. now, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. at this time last year, with variations in the interval to 3, 4, $4\frac{1}{2}$, 5, $4\frac{1}{2}$, 4, $4\frac{1}{2}$, 5, 6, again lowered to 5 on November 29, only to be raised to 6 on December 31st, excite astonishment. The high terms reached, though not unexampled, were not expected; while the numerous ups and downs, no less than eleven changes in one year, put all calculations at fault, and are completely at variance with the opinions announced in 1853. Such circumstances pique curiosity and provoke investigation.

In the early part of the year the Treaty with France was concluded, and many Custom-house duties were reduced or abolished. In form the two changes were mingled, but were not in reality dependent on one another. The abolition of the duties on lemons and oranges, on butter, cheese, and eggs, on tallow, &c., had nothing to do with the Treaty. In fact, these duties had long been denounced as imposing vexatious restrictions on commerce for a very incommensurate revenue, and Mr. Gladstone properly repealed them. The usual consequence of liberating trade from fetters followed. Our imports increased very much. In the eleven months of which the accounts were lately published, the import of several small articles—such as ashes, bones, brimstone, bristles, dry hides, boot fronts, spelter; silk, raw and thrown, ribbons of all kinds, plush for making hats, bandanas from India, cassia-lignea, sugar, &c., alpaca wool declined in a trifling degree, but the bulk of our imports increased. We venture to subjoin a few examples.

		Imports in Eleven Months.	
		1859.	1860.
Sheep	No.	230,026	243,493
Watches	"	91,469	119,334
Cocoa	lbs.	5,377,667	8,314,074
Coffee	"	59,483,096	70,543,361
Wheat	qrs.	3,729,316	5,015,236
Flour	cwts.	3,130,937	4,327,639
Cotton	"	9,056,121	11,109,974
Butter	"	379,929	645,829
Cheese	"	360,317	431,589
Timber of all sorts	loads	2,325,168	2,559,230
Wine	gals.	6,914,559	11,381,769
Wool	lbs.	114,358,121	126,415,486

In accordance with these figures, the value of imports, which as yet is only published for ten months, was, in 1859, £112,298,173, and in 1860, £133,238,851, an increase in the latter of 17 per cent.,

though in 1859 there was an increase of $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. over 1858. The progress continued to the end of the year, and, consequently, a great increase in our imports took place in 1860.

It is necessary to remember, in consequence of some extremely flippant and ignorant remarks in a daily journal which aspires to be an oracle on all things, that this large increase of imports is not merely the consequence of the treaty, though it contributed to extend our trade. To it we are indebted for an increase in our imports of wine from France in eleven months of 1,362,192 gallons. But this is little more than one-fourth of the total increase of the imports of wine in that period, 4,467,210 gallons. Spain supplied us with a larger proportion of the increase than France, 1,780,976 gallons, and Portugal, in proportion, two-thirds as large as France.

The treaty had nothing to do with the great increase in the quantity of corn generally imported, while the imports from France of wheat and flour fell off in eleven months from 1,098,743 qrs., and 2,653,586 cwts. in 1859, to 450,315 qrs., and 1,611,615 cwts. in 1860. Neither could it affect the imports of timber, all of which, except staves, on which a duty was imposed in 1860, have largely increased. Our vastly augmented import trade in the year, was more the consequence of the reduction of customs duties made for behoof of the public in obedience to the principles of Free-trade, than of the treaty, greatly beneficial as it has been and will be.

The contemporary who tries to excite dissatisfaction at the increase of our imports, infers, in consequence, that "work equivalent to the employment of many thousand hands has passed to other countries," and expresses wonder that "there should have been (amongst the people) so little complaint." To suppose that articles imported diminish employment at home, is the old dogma of the Protectionists in its worst form. On this principle corn was kept out of the country, lest the import should diminish the employment of our own labourers. The writer who, in 1860, can rail against an increase of imports as "passing employment to other countries," is a worthy companion of Chowler and Ruskin as an economist, or of that celebrated journalist (if he be not the same) who stirred up the people against the bakers in 1856, because bread was dear. His random assertions are not worthy of refutation in detail, but it may be mentioned that the increased importation of clocks and watches, of boots, shoes, goloshes, gloves, &c., has been going on for some years, to the general satisfaction, general increase of comfort and enjoyment, and continual increase of employment for our people. We have had, taking imports and exports together, a very large increase of trade in 1860, demanding a proportionate increase of capital to carry it on. Now the increase of capital from the soil has this year been much less than usual. The failure of our own harvests has compelled us to import large supplies of corn from abroad, for which we have had to pay chiefly in money.

In fact, the relatively greater increase in our imports than in our exports would, in the first instance, necessarily be paid for by the precious metals. While the declared value of our exports to the United States, in nine months, was £1,200,000 less in 1860 than in 1859; the declared value of our imports from them was £8,200,000 more. This circumstance accounts for the large quantity of gold lately sent to that country. In general it sends the precious metals to England; and in the eleven months of the present year actually sent £4,788,911, but in the eleven months of 1859 it sent £9,405,338. To Russia, in like manner, the value of our exports, in nine months, has been £800,000 less than in 1859, and the value of imports from Russia has been £1,240,000 more. We subjoin, in illustration of the whole case, an account of the total imports and exports of bullion in eleven months of the last three years:—

	1858.	1859.	1860.
Imports.....	£26,325,981	£35,528,649	£20,328,603
Exports.....	16,909,066	33,861,396	21,864,754
Excess Imports...	£9,416,915	£1,667,253	
Excess Exports			£1,536,151

Thus, not only has a much less quantity of the precious metals been imported in 1860 than in either of the two previous years; the export in 1860 has also exceeded the import. As the bulk of the exports to the United States has taken place in December, and amounts to £1,600,000, the excess of exports of the precious metals above imports will be, to the end of the year, at least £3,000,000. These circumstances supply us with a clear explanation of the mode in which trade has brought about the increased value of money. It has been much extended, requiring proportionably more capital to carry it on; and it has been, or was, or is expected to be, very profitable, and therefore those who carry it on have been willing to pay a high price for the means. But the precious metals are the peculiar capital especially required for international trade, and our supply of them has been proportionably shorter than usual, while more have been required. Hence, more has to be paid for the loan of them, or the rate of discount has risen from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 per cent. in 1860.

A slight inspection of the trade tables will satisfy every reader that this great increase in our trade has been gradual through the year, rather retarded than accelerated towards the close, though since it

was ascertained that the harvest was very defective, the imports of corn have been largely and rapidly increased. But this steady and regular increase of business gives us no explanation whatever of the numerous changes made by the Bank of England in its rate of discount. The causes of those vacillations must be sought for in the books of the Bank itself, and to these we shall hereafter call attention. We spare our readers for the present. The length of our remarks forbids us to extend them to the condition of the Bank and to the influence of the demands of governments on the money market.

We cannot, however, close without remarking that the commercial legislation of 1860 has been eminently successful. Our imports, for the sake of which we make exports, have been greatly increased; and our exports are not equally increased because the condition of our two greatest customers, India and the United States, has been unfavourable. Whatever suffering may prevail in the land—and unfortunately there is much, especially at Coventry—it is in no degree due to our late commercial legislation. On the contrary, it is more the consequence of old Protection, old monopoly, and equally old corruption, which manifest themselves alike in the degradation of the labouring multitude throughout the land, in their cramped and wretched dwellings, and in public inconvenience wherever, as in our streets, houses, and public buildings, space or land is required.

THE LAUNCH OF "THE WARRIOR."

AT last we have the hull of one iron-clad frigate afloat, and in about three months from this time we may expect to hear something of the steaming and sailing qualities of the *Warrior*. It is by no means a pleasant reflection that the first performance of this precursor of a new iron fleet will have to be contrasted with the doings of a French iron-clad ship, which for months past has been the theme of public discussion, and has occupied so large a share of public notice. *La Gloire*, like everything else produced in France, is proclaimed a decided success; her speed of thirteen and a-half knots, her admirable sailing properties, and her steadiness under steam have been most patriotically trumpeted forth to the world, as evidences of the unrivalled skill of French engineers. British designers and shipwrights are now fairly on their trial, and for the credit of the country it is to be hoped that the gloomy predictions expressed in various quarters, with respect to our first essay in armour-plated ships, will not be realized. It will be a lasting disgrace to the country if the *Warrior* does not surpass *La Gloire* in every quality which an iron-plated frigate should possess; and our Admiralty ought, in the event of non-success, to take their instructions for the future from the Emperor of the French, and the Government should be prepared publicly to recognize, and officially to surrender to France the supremacy of the seas. Sir John Pakington, when in office, fairly intimated that no First Lord of the Admiralty "would do his duty who should for a moment tolerate the idea that any single power, or combination of powers, would be able to dispute the supremacy of England on the sea." It is not asking one jot more than is required for the country, that not only every Lord of the Admiralty, but every member of the Government, should be called upon to act in the spirit of this declaration.

But notwithstanding this manly and frank avowal, we are constantly being told of the great exertions which, for some time past, have been made and are still making by France, not only to dispute, but to dispute successfully with us, our long-cherished supremacy of the seas. A fleet of sixteen iron-clad ships, practically invulnerable to the heaviest shot and shell, will, it is said, be afloat in French waters by the end of the present year. To oppose these we have the *Warrior*, launched on Saturday last; a sister ship, the *Black Prince*, to be ready for launching at Glasgow early in the spring; and the steam rams *Resistance* and *Defence*, which will also leave the builder's hands about the same time. There is some talk about a fifth frigate, to be commenced at Chatham dockyard, but nothing very decisive appears to be known with respect to it. A few weeks since tenders were called for, from six of the most eminent builders, for the construction of three more iron-clad ships, but there is some hitch in the matter, and none of the tenders have been accepted. No doubt when the authorities have once fairly made up their minds on the subject, the immense resources which we have in our public and private dockyards, and the facilities which we possess for obtaining the requisite material for building this class of ships, will soon enable us to overtake the French; but meanwhile our prestige is lowered in the eyes of the world, by the knowledge that our allies are already so far ahead of us in this matter. It is scarcely two years since the country was awakened to a sense of its insecurity, and the Government startled out of its long apathy, by the discovery that the French possessed a more powerful fleet than ourselves, and a reconstruction of our navy was declared, in the speech from the throne, to have become absolutely necessary. The "ways and means" were ungrudgingly given by the House of Commons, with the ready sanction and approval of the whole country, and by the close of the last year we could boast of having fifty line of battle-ships fairly afloat. We had retrieved our former position of superiority on the seas.

While, however, we were thus intent upon carrying out the one idea of making good our deficiency of timber ships fitted with the screw, the French Government, having succeeded in leading our Admiralty off on a wrong scent, and heedless of our exertions to reconstruct a navy, quietly set to work to develop a new idea. Experience had taught the Emperor two very important facts:—first, that iron-plated ships might be so formed as to resist shot without seriously impairing their sailing qualities; and next, that timber ships, supplied with great steam power, could not be made of sufficient strength to resist the wear and tear of the machinery. The enormous floating batteries, such as the *Napoleon*, the *Bretagne*, the *Austerlitz*, and others, which had excited us to redoubled exertions, were practically valueless. They were not only huge “slaughter-houses,” but they were unequal to the work for which they were built, and, after a short cruise, they required extensive repairs. Rifled cannon, sixty-eight pound shot, hollow shells filled with molten iron, or deadly combustibles, would “sink, burn, or destroy,” in a few minutes, these towering leviathans of the sea. The iron floating batteries built during the Russian war, had been tested at Kinburn, and their sides found to be, for all practical purposes, proof against shot, and the question arose, could not some plan be devised for affording, by means of plated sides, that protection to larger vessels, which had been found so successful in the case of the batteries?

Such a proposition would not for a moment have been entertained by our Board of Admiralty, and true to the instincts of office, and loyal to the traditions of the service, the authorities would have answered that the victories of the Nile and Trafalgar were won by the old wooden walls, and there was no necessity for change. Even at the present moment we have great authorities, such as Sir Howard Douglas and others, arguing that, by some judicious combination of 68-pounders and heavy Armstrong guns, our crack timber frigates might be made a match for the armour-clad ships. Not so, however, thought the men to whom the question was referred in France. They recommended the cutting down of the three-deckers, by taking off the upper deck, and fixing iron plates on the sides. The *Napoleon* was plated in this fashion,—hence the *Gloire* and her sister ships of which we have heard so much. In thus treating the French ships one only of the difficulties has been overcome; the iron-cased frigate has been made invulnerable; but there is every reason to believe that the strain upon the timbers of the ship from the working of the machinery will be even greater than was the case when the *Gloire* was a three-decker. So far as it has gone the conversion has been something gained to the French navy. If we were disposed to enter into the question of the comparative expenditure in the two navies of England and France, it will be found that, on grounds of economy not less than of efficiency, the advantage is at present on the side of our neighbours. If the official accounts are to be credited, France has, during the last seven years, expended not more than an average of £5,000,000 upon her navy, while our expenditure has been nearly double that sum. The mystery of Admiralty management is indeed a dark one; and there must be something radically wrong in a state of things which admits of the expenditure of some eight or nine millions a year, and yet finds the country periodically distanced by a neighbouring power, spending little more than half that amount.

Fortunately for us, it would appear that these iron-clad ships, to be really effective for any length of time, should have not only an outer covering of armour plates, but should be constructed throughout of iron, with the view of obtaining the requisite rigidity and durability. A ship's hull, built upon the principle similar to that adopted in the *Great Eastern*, and followed in the construction of the *Warrior*, becomes one rigid tube, and may be so strengthened that the vibration of the screw will exert no injurious effect upon the structure. We have close at hand the iron and the coal necessary for the building of any quantity of ships of this class, and in these materials France is somewhat deficient; though, thanks to the foresight of the Emperor, and the ready zeal of our negotiators, by the treaty of commerce just concluded any quantity of the raw material may now be imported from this country into the French dockyards and workshops. The *Warrior*, unlike the *Gloire*, is built throughout of iron, the only timber upon her being that which serves as a bed for the armour-plates in the fighting part of the ship, and that used for the deck flooring and fittings. The length of the ship is 420 feet, and of this 210 feet, for 27 feet in depth, is covered with plates of $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches in thickness. The remainder of the ship, at the bows and the stern, is unprotected by the armour; as to have covered the whole of the body would have so increased the immersion as to have rendered it impossible to obtain the high rate of speed. The *Warrior* is to be the largest ship-of-war in the world, her tonnage being 6,117 tons; and it will be driven by engines of 1,250-horse power. The hull, exclusive of the armour-plates, contains about 5,000 tons of iron, and when her engines are fixed, and her armaments on board, the weight will not be less than 10,000 tons. It is hoped that the powerful engines will propel the ship at the rate of fourteen knots an hour. The lines are well adapted for obtaining great speed, sharp at the

bows, fine at the run, and, judging from her appearance, the expectations of the designer will not be disappointed.

The *Warrior* will, therefore, be the largest, and, it is to be hoped, the fastest ship of war in the world. Add to this it will carry the heaviest and most formidable armament that has ever been put on board a ship,—Armstrong guns of the largest calibre,—and while using these guns with deadly effect, will be invulnerable to the shot and shell of the enemy. From its iron sides the shot will fly off at ranges beyond 200 yards, and even where unprotected by the armour the shot may play harmlessly on the metallic monster, for the bows and stern are built up of seven and twenty water-tight compartments, which may be riddled through and through, and still leave the centre part of the hull a fighting, though it may be a somewhat unmanageable, battery. The building of the ship was commenced at the Thames Iron Works in June, 1859, and, notwithstanding the difficulties connected with the novelty of the work, the delays caused by alterations of details, and the unfavourable weather for out-door work, it was launched, as already stated, on Saturday last. There is no reason to doubt, now that the requisite machinery has been provided, that a similar vessel could be constructed within twelve months. The time that would suffice for building one ship would be equal to constructing a dozen, if the work were distributed among different builders in the country. With a little increased activity, and some decision of purpose on the part of the executive, it is quite possible that by the end of the present year we may not only have as many iron-clad ships as France, but realize the proud position of being able to defy “any single power or combination of powers” who would wish “to dispute the supremacy of England on the sea.”

THE GOUTY PHILOSOPHER.—No. XXVI.

MR. WAGSTAFFE QUARRELS WITH SEVERAL PROVERBS, IN REFERENCE TO FATE AND FORTUNE.

It has been said that proverbs are the concentrated wisdom of ages. Doubtless they are so in many instances, and worthy of the praise of him, the serene singer of our day, who calls them

“——— Jewels three words long,
That, on the raised forefinger of all time,
Sparkle for ever.”

But if some proverbs, old as the days of Job or Noah, are entitled to all men's reverence for their truth and beauty, there are great numbers in all languages which, instead of representing the kindly wisdom of the past and the present, are the very quintessence of the ill-nature and stupidity of countless generations. And one of these mock jewels “three words long,” which shines on Time's forefinger with the faint lustre of a Brighton diamond, or a cut and polished fragment of a soda-water bottle found on the seashore, declares that “Fortune is blind.” Another sham brilliant contradicts this false aphorism by a falsehood quite as great, and tells the world that “Conduct is Fate.” Evidently the cunning jeweller who cut and polished the first of these proverbs was no other than our old acquaintance ENVY; and the lapidary who performed the same function for the other was an equally well-known personage—fat, sleek, saucy, and pudding-headed, known sometimes as ARROGANCE, and sometimes as CONCEIT.

Listen to our friend Smelldungus, who has but small allowance of brains, no behaviour, and no industry, and hear what he says when he sees the high position achieved by Smellfungus—the able and the steady—whom he hates for his success. He declares with as much satisfaction as if he had discovered a mathematical truth not to be found in Euclid, “Fortune is blind; if not, how could she have elevated such a fellow as Smellfungus, and forgotten me?” Smelldungus, thus speaking, represents the mean, cowardly Envy of all countries and all ages, and tells a lie in the shape of a proverb, which foolish people are content to accept as Wisdom. In a similar manner, Fitz-Crispin, who inherited a very large sum of money from his respectable and hard-working father, but who never himself did a good or useful thing in his life, and who is, at the best, fitted to be a crossing-sweeper, looks down with lofty contempt upon poor Fitz-Adam, who is only a man of genius, and an honour to his country, but who, unluckily for himself, cannot make the stupid world understand how great and noble he is, and starves accordingly. Fitz-Crispin exclaims, stroking his greasy paunch,—“Conduct is Fate; every man ‘gets on’ who deserves to do so; and if Fitz-Adam starves, it is his own fault.” Thus speaks empty-pated and bad-hearted CONCEIT. Thus hath it ever spoken, and thus it ever will speak, palming off upon the world its counterfeit wisdom for the true. But the coin that it utters is no more like a real guinea of the right mintage of Minerva, than a gilt farthing or a flunkey's brass button is like a golden sovereign.

Meditating much upon Fortune and Fortune's ways, and also upon myself and the history of my mind, I declare, as the result of my experience, that Fortune is *not* blind, and that Conduct is *not* Fate. The two aphorisms contradict each other—but both are false; the one entirely and the other partially. The Eternal Justice of God rules supreme above them, and shatters their sham wisdom into dust and splinters at every turn of the great wheel of destiny. Fools and disappointed people may declare that Fortune is blind or deaf to Virtue or to Merit. But Virtue and Merit are difficult to define. That which is Jones's merit in his own eyes

may not approach to anything like merit in the eyes of Fortune, and Virtue may have rewards with which Fortune or worldly success may have nothing whatever to do. Fortune—if we choose, for the convenience of writing or argument, to admit the existence of such a personage—is in full possession of all her faculties. She can hear and see as well as any of us; and her occasional oddities of behaviour are not the results of any inherent defect of character, but are merely the freaks, whims, and idiosyncrasies of a great mind disporting itself with human creatures and human affairs, and taking its amusement in humbling the proud, exalting the lowly, making the wise look foolish, and the foolish wise, and causing mighty monarchs to be envious of the meanest herdsman or beggar in their dominions. It is a very old remark that Fortune and Happiness are not identical. The burden of *that* song is the burden of the ages. It will be the burden of all the songs and sermons, essays and histories, of all the sages and seers that are ever to be born into the world, until our now teeming earth becomes as bare as the highest peak of Chimborazo. Fortune gives the beggar a good stomach, and causes the *millionaire* to suffer from dyspepsia. To the lawyer's clerk, planning, plotting, contriving, and half-starving on one hundred pounds a year, she gives a sweet little wife who loves him dearly and truly for his own sake; and she allots to the prince of ancient lineage and a rent-roll of a thousand pounds a day, a constant fury in the person of his princess. Fortune will not allow a man to be a mountain without putting the cold snows and frosts of isolation upon his head. To each condition of life she gives its own peculiar solace. The tempest that wrecks the big ship and drowns a thousand men on board of her, passes harmlessly over the bung that floats upon the waters. "Though I am but an old cork," says Bung, tranquilly, "the storm can't drown me. That is one comfort." "Though the bank has broken for a million, I am but a beggar," says Jolter, "and what care I!" Wherever Fortune bestows much gold she bestows much care. To much power she invariably affixes much responsibility. A poor fellow with ten shillings and no thought of to-morrow is (until to-morrow) a fellow very much to be envied; while Croesus, a million in hand, and pining for a million more, is a miserable creature to-day, and will be miserable to-morrow, and until the last hour of his existence.

In all these arrangements, which men sometimes foolishly imagine to be disarrangements and disturbances, Fortune is as completely the mistress of her business as any banker in Lombard-street, who does his little part towards the regulation of the world's finances. If an angler may play with a trout in a pool, why may not Fortune play with a man in the great running stream of the world's affairs? Fortune requires no guidance to show her the right way. She knows what she is about, and if she likes to amuse herself, she has surely quite as much right to do so, as a man who shoots grouse or partridges. It is easy to understand why she should annoy a king or an emperor—why she should persecute a *millionaire*—play scurvy tricks with the teeth, or hair, or family, or relations of a duchess, whose husband has a rent-roll of a quarter of a million per annum, or why she should tease the duke himself with the affliction of the gout or something worse; and it is just as easy to see why she often clothes human swine with pure white garments that they cannot appreciate.

This last is one of the many complaints made against Fortune in the byways as well as in the highways of the world. But why should not Fortune offer a clean shirt to a human pig, if so disposed? Fortune knows quite well that a pig is a pig. If you put a golden crown on the creature's head, place a star set with diamonds upon its breast, tie an emblazoned garter round its ham, with the old motto of "Honi soit qui mal y pense,"—what do you make of it—but Pig? The silk purse cannot be made out of a sow's ear, or out of any portion of that coarse thick hide. You cannot feed that animal with manna and ambrosia. Better hog-wash and wild chestnuts, or at the best truffles, for such a snout to play with. Fate, by the fault of his near or remote progenitors, having endowed a man with none but the pig-like qualities of obstinacy, obscenity, obesity, and filthiness, you cannot change the nature of the beast even though you lodge it in Nero's palace, and swathe its dirty sides in imperial purple.

If ever there was a human creature that in a previous state of existence (on the supposition of the metempsychosis) was a pig, it was a man of the name of Dodge, whom I knew very well, of necessity, not of choice. Pig-like in his paunch, pig-like in his eyes, pig-like in his habits, pig-like in his general character, Fortune gave him, in one way or another, £300,000. But in giving him this large sum of money, she gave him, at the same time, the desire of wearing a clean shirt, and of going into decent society. Alas for him! While he was gaining dross by scraping on dunghills, he was not very unhappy. But when Fortune came to him smiling, and offered him the clean shirt that he had craved, and he, stupid-like, put it on, his doom was fixed. He was never comfortable any more. He was removed from the dunghill into the drawing-room, amid strange people and strange customs and in a strange attire. He was pig promoted to misery—pig out of place—pig persecuted—pig in the galling chains of etiquette and stiff observance—pig in the torture of cleanliness—pig forbidden to grunt—pig preposterous and most wretched. Fortune had given this poor man what is called luck, in overflowing measure; she had filled his lap with gold; she had crowned all his schemes with success; she had caused the multitude to envy him, and to say one man to the other, "Look at Dodge the fortunate, the rich; who never touches a farthing without turning it into a guinea; who can do anything in this world that money can accomplish!—Long live Dodge!"

But all this while poor Dodge was miserable in his clean shirt, which he was afraid to soil, lest the pig that was in him should have been betrayed to the mockers and the jesters of society. His desire was that gentlemen should consider him a gentleman;—him who knew himself to be a pig, and who knew himself to be found out in spite of his outer garment. Thus did Fortune trim the balance and vindicate the justice of Heaven. There is always a screw loose somewhere, as Uncle Toby says: or the mere rich would be too happy in a world where it is decreed that there shall be no perfect happiness at all, and where the nearest approximation to happiness is to be obtained, not by money or money's worth, but by the serene peace of mind and the unsullied conscience which money cannot buy.

Our next aphorism that Conduct is Fate, is partially true. To a limited extent all observers of the course of human affairs are willing to allow it. That thrift may and often does tend to Fortune, that is, much money;—that the industrious man makes his way in the world better than the idle one;—and a hundred other such vapid truisms might be cited in support of this proposition. But every one who looks upon the world of men with the eyes of philosophy, with the mind of piety and religion, and with the humble heart that accepts what reason cannot always understand, must be aware that there is a Fate that sits high in the heavens above Conduct, and to whose decrees Conduct is of no more account than a straw upon the ocean. The noble and oft-quoted lines—

"There is a Providence that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them as we may"—

express a higher philosophy, and a purer spirit of religion, than the silly aphorisms of the self-conceited and the prosperous, which say that "as we make our beds so must we lie upon them," who insist that "circumstances are the tools of genius," and proclaim from the housetops of their egotism, that "as we sow we shall always reap." The history of the world, the history of every heart and every intellect that ever throbbed or thought, belie such worldly wisdom. These sayings are only partially and incidentally true. A man may make his bed of roses or of eider-down; he may command all the wealth and talent of great kingdoms to do his behest and minister to his glory; he may make his brothers kings, and his field-marshal's mighty potentates, but he may die in misery and contumely oppressed by the most ignoble petty cares and anxieties, in a lonely nook of a desolate isle of the ocean, ere he shall pass the middle age of man.

Another, with an unmistakable genius for turning circumstances to the account of his pocket or his advancement, may go out on a summer morning prosperous and defiant, and boasting to himself that the world is his oyster to open and to eat; and ere the stroke of noon, he may be run over by a cab and killed. Or he may go on a pleasure tour into the far west of America, and be drowned in an accidental collision of two ships six thousand miles from home, in the full blaze of his wealth and greatness. A third who sows the seed of success wherever he goes, who never touches a hopeless project without transforming it into a prosperous one, may do this once, twice, thrice, ten times, ninety-nine times,—and at the hundredth time may find himself foiled, beaten, ruined, and disgraced—happy if he escape with life;—happier still if with reason. That "Conduct is Fate" may be a sound maxim for the young and struggling—for it may help them to toil up the steep ascent to the Temple of Fame, or to that quite as perpendicular and slippery steep, where worldly prosperity opens her golden portals to welcome them in. But sound as it may be to the young, it is shallow and deceptive to old age. When the young man reaches the summit of Fame or Wealth, he will be young no longer; the fire of life will be chilled; the back will be bent; the eye will be dulled; the imagination will be extinguished—the sense of enjoyment will be worn out; and the renown or money so long sought will be discovered to be not worth having—mere dust, and bitter black dust besides.

I grant that the wisdom of the saying, "As ye sow ye shall reap," is true of wickedness; but it is not invariably true of goodness in this world, nor of well-directed and even of laudable ambition. We may dig the fine Parian marble from the bowels of the earth, but other agencies than ours may make the statue. The head that we imagine would become that of Venus Aphrodite, may scowl upon us from the stone as Medusa. If "the race be not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong," as is declared on Divine authority, how can "Conduct be Fate"?

The true solution of the riddle of Fate and Fortune seems to be that Fate and Fortune have a justice of their own, which may not be in accordance with what men call justice, but which is God's justice, and therefore infallible. Fortune is not blind. Fate is not capricious, nor within human control. Fate and Fortune, or the Divine agencies to which we give them names, pull the wires that move the human marionettes with a purpose hidden from the marionettes themselves,—poor emmets upon an earthen mound, that cannot see the distance of half an acre beyond their hillock, though the great globe and the still greater universe are spread open before them.

There is one proverb with which I will not quarrel, which affirms "that every man is as happy as he deserves to be," and if men would only study it, and act upon it, and take its simple but sublime teaching to their hearts, for the government of their lives, we should hear no complaints of the blindness of Fortune, or empty, egotistical boasts on the part of the rich and the prosperous, that their admirable conduct has been their kind fate, and that they are so good that Fortune herself cannot injure them. As for myself, I can state, with the utmost sincerity

and contrition, that I never yet wished ardently for any object that I did not, sooner or later, attain, by dint of hard striving; and that I never attained it without finding a condition attached to it, for which I had not bargained, and which grievously impaired, if it did not entirely destroy the value of the acquisition, and make me wish that I had not been such a fool as to waste so many days and nights, so much health and strength, in the endeavour to clutch it.

Fate or Fortune is not to be dictated to, or measured, or gauged, or weighed, or understood. All that men have to do is to submit to its decree with manly dignity, and to acknowledge their own impotence and the Divine wisdom.

BRENTFORD, AND ITS DENS.

WE are stepping into the train for Brentford, and we ask the gentle reader to accompany us. We wish to interest him in the labourers of that suburban town, and their dwellings. We have somewhat of importance to say, too, on the great topic of the day—the cottage and lodger question—and we set out for Brentford in order to illustrate a phase of social life which has not yet been presented to the public.

The New Year promises to be fruitful in blessing to the labouring poor. The Old Year left them one rich legacy. Good, benevolent, and influential men threw open the "huts where poor men lie" to public gaze. They turn out, too often, alas! to be sties. The dying year shuddered as he gazed. He solemnly proclaimed to his successor that the question of labourers' dwellings lies at the root of the social improvement and elevation of the lower classes. The New Year being solemnly adjured to provide suitable cottage accommodations for his poor, and supply the short-coming of his ancestors, regards the bequest with the sacredness of a death-bed wish—

They say the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention, like deep harmony.

Happy omen for the agricultural and suburban labourer. Be it our task to strengthen these good resolves, to remind the young heir from time to time of his mission and his responsibility to the Ancient of Days; and thus gratify, in such humble measure as we may, that earnest desire to be useful in our day and generation which led to the establishment of this journal.

The benevolent motive in providing cottage accommodation is good. But the commercial motive is better. Show Mr. Bull that it is his Christian duty to subscribe for building better cottage accommodation in parishes where he has no property and he will give you £10. Prove to him that well-designed and economically-constructed dwellings for labouring men may be built so as to return four per cent. upon his investment, and he will lend you hundreds. The demonstration shall not be wanting, nor shall it be either immaturely given or long withheld. For the present, and until the facts and figures are forthcoming, we ask the thoughtful reader, who is our companion to Brentford, to believe that the county town of the metropolitan county is eminently favourable to the trial of a carefully-considered experiment for supplying the labouring-classes with comfortable, well-ordered, well-ventilated dwellings, to take the place of the "mere breeding and lodging dens for human beings," in which too many of the poor are at present housed. If a beginning were made in some such locality, and if the poor showed a preference for the warmer, better-lit, and more decent habitation, the example might be followed. Capitalists, actuated by mixed motives (from which we would by no means desire to eliminate that of benevolence), would not be slow to follow the example in the neighbourhood of large towns, and in other well-chosen suburbs of the metropolis. And we should thus see the beginning of a great work that would act and re-act, not only upon those in "populous city pent," but also upon our agricultural peasantry.

Not a few metropolitan readers will say, "Let me see; have I ever been to Brentford?" You must at least remember when you went to Kew Gardens the tall, chimney-like water-pipes of the Grand Junction Water-works Company, which tower above Brentford Old Town. New Brentford contains a population of about 2,000; Old Brentford is about three times and a half as populous. Brentford has not escaped unnoticed by the poets.

"Brentford, a town of mud,"

And Thackeray has told us how

"The noble tree of Brentford
Was old and very sick."

As the county town of Middlesex, Brentford, and notably the little square opposite the Town Hall, has been the scene of great political excitement. The Battle of the Constitution, too, has been fought on the hustings here on more than one occasion. Pulteney, afterwards Earl of Bath, here waged war upon Sir R. Walpole. The impudent, witty, unscrupulous John Wilkes here held forth upon "general warrants," and at election after election persuaded the electors to return him, when the House of Commons had declared him incapable to serve. Sir F. Burdett was here proclaimed representative of Middlesex in 1802, after fifteen days' polling, and amid tremendous excitement. Since the Reform Bill the elections have been marked by less excitement. Yet some sensation was caused when, in 1837, Joseph Hume was driven from the metropolitan county to take refuge in Kilkenny. Brentford, too, being on the great Bath road, was a place of great bustle and liveliness before the introduction of railroads. Up and down, by day and by night, through its dark and dingy streets, rattled 300 stage coaches. Burke must have gone down this way to Bristol, his head full of philosophical reflections to be addressed to his constituents in that city. Beau Nash, of course, travelled this way to Bath. So did Smollett, whose eyes must have twinkled with fun as he conceived the story of Humphry Clinker, and planned the letters of Winifred Jenkins. A portly presence, much resembling that of a farmer well to do, was not seldom seen in Brentford—that was George III., on his way to his favourite Weymouth. Then followed that be-praised Adonis of fifty, his son. Wits, beaux, statesmen, generals, courtiers, kings, found Brentford a long, straggling, dull town, and cared as little for the welfare of the inhabitants as they passed through it as some landed proprietors of our own day not unconnected with the district. There are, unhappily,

people who, professing to be Christians, and living in a Christian country, are exceedingly careful how their horses and hounds are lodged, but who have not yet given heed to the decent accommodation of their fellow-beings. What that accommodation is, let us (holding our noses and stopping our breath as much as possible) see with our own eyes!

Nowhere are the poor worse lodged. On each side of the main streets of Brentford are little courts, the only approach to which, in many cases, is an archway under which you are obliged to stoop, and along which a very stout man will find it difficult to make his way. Then you come upon a cluster of thirty houses, placed back to back, and of course, in a sanitary point of view, irredeemably bad. At one corner is a certain convenience common to the entire court, and also the pump, the water of which is so polluted that it can only be used for washing and cooking. In the middle of the path is usually a gutter, the odour of which in summer-time is sickening and pestiferous. Here and there are a few clothes-lines, from which hang suspended ragged linen and tattered garments. A dust-heap, copiously covered with broken crockery and decaying vegetables, likewise graces the scene. These houses are rather sheds than human habitations. The windows are usually mean and small, many of the panes being stuffed with rags or glazed with bits of newspapers. A large family living in a room seven or eight feet square may feel the biting draught that pours in at the wide chink between the door and threshold; but it is perhaps better to be killed by cold air than to be poisoned by bad air, and one fate or the other seems to threaten the wretched inmates.

The interior of these domiciles slightly varies, according to the habits of the tenants. In some a painful attempt is made to keep up an appearance of tidiness—the floors being clean, the walls gay with coloured engravings, and the display of cups and saucers telling of other homes and better days. But in the great majority of cases the sad truth forces itself upon the spectator that it is impossible for cleanliness, much less godliness, to prevail where human beings are herded together like animals in a sty or fold. The children have a wild, dirty, and neglected look; the women are slovenly and dishevelled. The dirty red-brick floor is cold and cheerless in the extreme. At one end is the staircase, which occupies no inconsiderable space in the scant and cheerless apartment. Let us go upstairs, although we shall find the wretchedness greater even than below. Here in one little room a whole family sleep. Beds and bedding are scarce; not so straw and rags. You are soon warned by the effluvia to descend from this nursery of fever. These little hovels let at a shilling and two shillings a week; those with four rooms, at 3s. 6d. Everybody knows that the most lucrative house property, in towns at least, is that tenanted by the very poor. Houses are never empty at Brentford. It is the St. Giles's and Seven Dials to a large district.

In the summer, when the Irish come over to assist in getting in the hay and corn, the denizens of the overcrowded courts make their harvest in turn by taking in lodgers. The Irish fill the lodgings at 5d. a night, and the stinking hovels are crowded to suffocation. On a Sunday morning they are glad to leave these dens, and to stand in the street. Respectability on its way to church is naturally annoyed that dirty and ill-dressed men block up the pavements, and as naturally complains to the police. The Inspector of Police is compelled to warn off, and lastly to summon the denizens of the dirty slums; but Respectability seldom bestows a thought on the places from which the poor wretches are glad to escape in order to breathe the fresh air, and still seldomer realises the fact that it stands not in the order of things for men, women, and children thus housed to attend church or chapel, or even to cultivate a decent self-respect.

Now unless the reader peruses to the end, and accompanies us throughout our inquiries, he will fly off with the impression that the town of Brentford is in a state of complete destitution. Let us see if this theory will account for what we observe and learn. We will enter this wretched hovel. There is not a chair on which one can sit, or an article of furniture of any kind that, if sold, would fetch one farthing. Shivering over a few half-warmed ashes is a child, neglected, dirty, and alone. His father and mother are at work, and have left him here, and no good Samaritan has come to lead him by the hand to a ragged or other school. We ask him to show us his dinner. It consists of a plate of raw potatoes, yet the child's father and mother are in constant employment. We are told that one of the leading merchants of the place accompanied the Poor-Law Relieving Officer on a tour of inspection. They went at once into a barn-like hovel, where every sign of starvation abounded. As the merchant saw the straw and rags which formed the bedding of the family—as he saw the dirt and filth around—he asked indignantly, who could be living in such utter poverty in Brentford? He was told that the house was the dwelling of one of his own workmen, and he, too, earning his thirty shillings a week!

But although the poor and improvident are ill lodged, two or three interests intimately connected with them thrive greatly at Brentford. The great and little landlords get their rents—why should they trouble themselves about the want of decent accommodation? The leading landlords, such as the Duke of Northumberland (his paternal ancestor Sir Hugh Smithson stood on these hustings a hundred years ago to thank the freeholders for electing him) and the Earl of Jersey, know little of the actual condition of the poor. As to the little landlords, many of them, we regret to say females, they only care for the 13 or 15 per cent. they can screw out of the rent. Another interest prospers, as it is superfluous to add. The thirty-three public-houses and beer-shops belonging to the locality are in a flourishing condition. They offer gas, fires, pipes, beer, songs, and society to the denizens of the slums, and so long as the latter have a penny in their pockets, they cannot resist the temptation. Most of the wretchedness observable in Brentford is caused by drunkenness, as indeed will presently appear. Will no modern Howard deliver these unfortunate people from their chains, and take them out of the vicious circle in which they move? They go to the beer-shop because they live in dens in which domestic comfort is impossible, and they live in these dens because they go to the beer-shop.

One fact remains, which is not less hopeful in one point of view than discouraging in another. The labouring classes of Brentford are in fact well paid, and find plenty of employment. The poor-rates are heavy, as they will always be where "breeding and lodging dens" cause preventable disease, vice, and death. In New Brentford the poor-rates amount to from 4s. 6d. to 5s. in the pound. Still magistrates, clergymen, and policemen all agree that the people are well off, and our inquiries establish the fact beyond dispute. Brentford stands in the midst of 4,000 acres of garden-ground,

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let at from £6 to £8 an acre; the men employed by the market gardeners are very numerous; one gardener employs as many as 300, and they earn from 18s. to 23s. per week; the women, also employed in the market-gardens, often make as much as 15s. a week. The gas-works employ 150 men, thirty of whom earn their 30s. a week, and the rest of whom, by piecework, clear as much. At Charrington's brewery forty men are employed, at wages from 18s. to 24s. a week. Messrs. Cunningham & Cross, at their soap-works, require 100 men, whose wages are a guinea a week. The lightermen, of whom there are vast numbers on the river, earn from 4s. to 7s. 6d. a day; and in summer-time brickmakers earn as much, which, however, they spend long before the approach of winter, when they retreat into the workhouse. In the distillery belonging to Sir Felix Booth, eighty men are employed. The manufacture of pottle-baskets is a pretty good trade—many women earn at it 10s. a week. The situation of Brentford also adds to its resources a large river trade. It is the terminus of the Grand Junction Canal. There the boats lie for the night, and the boatmen come on shore, and spend their money very freely. At Brentford, also, are the docks in connection with the Great Western Railway, by means of which goods from all parts of the regions in connection with that line—from Staffordshire, and South Wales, and the *Ultima Thule* of Cornwall—can be brought up to London, and put on board vessels in the docks without going through the streets of the over-crowded metropolis at all. The system is yet in its infancy, but already from 13,000 to 14,000 tons of goods are carried monthly. It is a hopeful circumstance, that labouring men earning so high an average of weekly wages, could well afford to pay a slight additional rental for better house accommodation; while, on the other hand, it is discouraging that they should go on dissipating in drink the money which, with prudence and forethought, would have, ere this, enabled them to command convenient and suitable cottages.

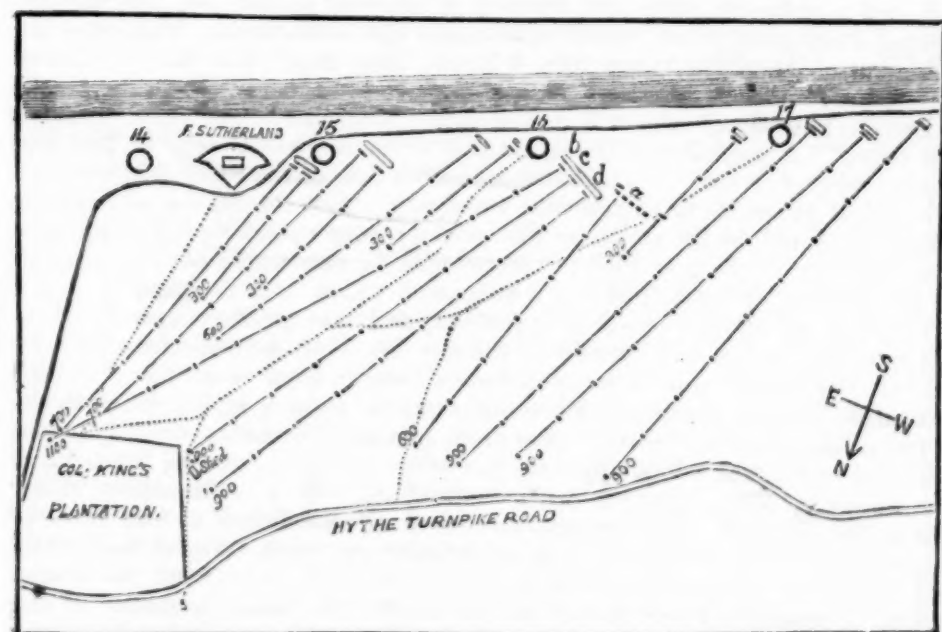
The truth is, our labouring classes require a helping hand. It is admitted that in churches the supply, in low districts, must precede the demand, and that if we wait for a destitute and ill-lodged population to ask for spiritual food, we shall wait in vain. Perhaps we should not err in saying, that good cottage accommodation stands on the same platform as church accommodation. Benevolent and thoughtful men must take counsel of good business men. They need not discard the commercial principle, for they cannot more effectually serve the poor by example and precept, than by showing that decent and convenient habitations for the labouring classes can be constructed to return a safe and fair interest upon capital. Between the decent cottage and the church the path is attractive and well-worn. On the other hand, between the overcrowded lodging-house, where the sexes herd together in dirt and indecency, and the church, there is a gulf fixed, as impassable as that which separated Lazarus from Dives. Who would not wish to help to bridge over this chasm, and lift the poor out of the mire and filth of impure and vicious associations?

THE VOLUNTEER DRILL AT HYTHE.

DURING the last French war a military canal was dug from Shorncliff on the one hand of Hythe, to Appledore on the other, a distance of fifteen or twenty miles, and at the west end of the town large low brick barracks were erected, which are now converted into the School of Musketry.

This school is a department of the regular army, under the direction of General Hay, and his staff, for the education in rifle practice and the science of musketry of commissioned officers of the line and of sergeant-instructors of regiments. Four complete courses of instruction are given during the year; but as one set of officers and men cannot be moved out and another moved in, often from long distances, without a break of some few days occurring, these quarterly intervals of change are taken advantage of to give the Volunteer Riflemen the opportunity of going through a course of instruction in the science and practice of musketry, without interfering with the drilling for the regular army, or occasioning additional expense to the nation. When a Volunteer, therefore, makes application to go to Hythe, his name is put on the list of candidates; and as soon as one of these fitting opportunities occurs he receives from the adjutant of his corps an abstract of the desired order from the War-Office.

As one of the Cinque Ports, Hythe had anciently its harbour and its armed fleet; but the harbour of Hythe has long since been silted up, and a great tract of flint-shingle now extends between the town and the sea, on which the practice-grounds of the school of musketry are carefully marked out, and iron targets erected and backed by protecting mounds of pebbles. A red flag, in warning of danger, is kept flying from one of the numerous martello-towers with which this coast is studded, while the firing is going on.



Plan of Rifle-practice Ground at Hythe.

The ranges are marked out by stumps driven into the ground at distances

of 100 yards apart, and are noted on the plan by alternate lines and dots. The continuous lines represent the roads, and the dotted lines the footpaths, by which the beach is traversed in the ordinary traffic. The numbers 14, 15, 16, and 17 are those of the Martello Towers, which they indicate. The short lines at *a* mark the position of the row of targets for skirmishing drill; *b* shews the site of experimental target, with the longest range on the ground, 1,100 yards. This target is also fired at from a station on the hill behind the town, more than 2,000 yards distant. On the left between Fort Sutherland and No. 16 Tower are the various ranges appropriated for the exercise of the troops encamped at Shorncliffe. On the right, beyond the skirmishing targets (*a*) are the long ranges of the School of Musketry; the central ranges (*c d*) being reserved for the exercises of the Volunteers.

The first week is spent by the Volunteers, partly in attending Colonel Wilford's pithy and lucid lectures on the structure and preservation of their arms, and the theoretical principles of musketry; and partly in "aiming" and "position," and "judging distance" drills. In the first the soldier is made to aim steadily and correctly at successively increasing distances from 100 to 600 yards, to render him accomplished in this respect before he is permitted the use of ammunition to practise at the targets.

In Colonel Wilford's first course of lectures the mechanism and parts of the lock are explained, and how to take it to pieces and remount it, as well as the methods of cleaning it and the rifle, and keeping them in proper order—a matter of the highest importance, from the impossibility of producing accurate shooting with foul weapons. In his second course the construction of the barrel, the line of fire, the laws influencing the course of the bullet, and other important theoretical principles are explained with a curtness of speech and adroitness of illustration, of which only Colonel Wilford is capable.

The downward tendency produced by the force of gravitation, commencing to act upon the bullet as soon as it quits the muzzle of the gun, causes it to move in a more or less curved line according to the length of its flight, called the "trajectory." At first, from the greater speed of the projectile, and the comparatively short time that gravitation has had for exerting its deflecting power, the direction of the bullet approximates nearly to a straight line; but successively the sharpness of the curve increases in proportion with the length of range, until it represents a segment of a vast helix or coil. If the axis of the piece, then, were directed straight to the point, the bullet would never hit it, but would pass below the mark. The drop of a bullet is equal to a foot and five inches in the first hundred yards, and, therefore, to strike an object at that distance, the "line of fire" must be directed as much above. Such aimings at imaginary points would practically destroy the efficacy of the rifle, hence the adaptation of a sliding back-sight by the raising or depressing of which the butt-end of the barrel is slightly depressed, and the muzzle elevated, according to the distance of the object aimed at; the increased amount of the curve of the trajectory is thus counteracted, and the line of sight taken at once and direct. From this it is evident that the line of sight—always a straight line—can never coincide with the line of motion of the bullet, or the trajectory; and therefore the necessity for keeping the back-sight upright in shooting; for any inclination to one side or the other must influence the direction of the axis of the piece, and consequently, by altering the course of the trajectory will not only cause the bullet to diverge to one side or the other, but will cause it also to strike below the mark. As the height of the trajectory, or the highest elevation of the bullet increases with the duration of its flight, it becomes very considerable in long ranges, and the distances are marked and apparent between which cavalry and infantry are open to the power of the rifle.

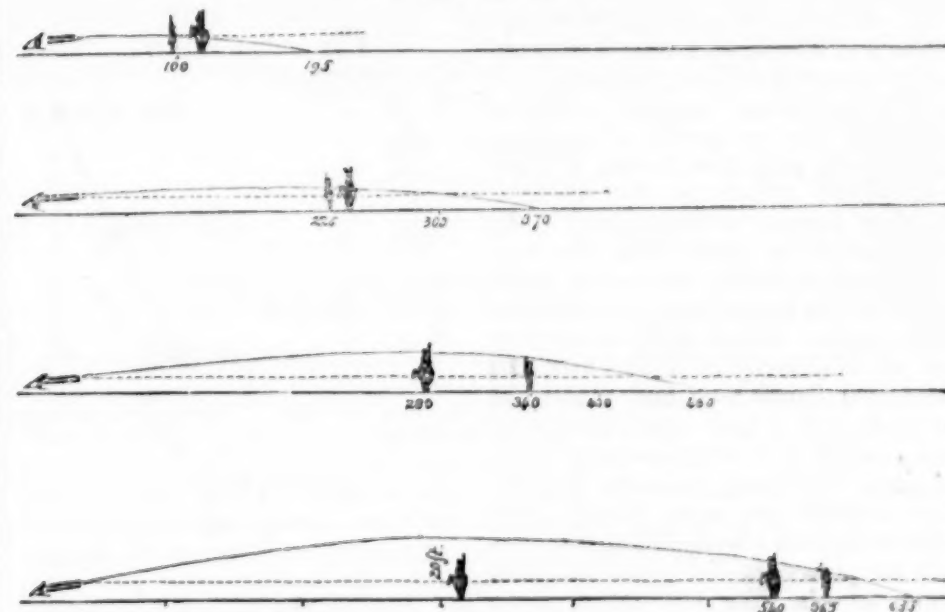


Diagram of variations in curve of "trajectory" according to length of range (in yards).

The accompanying diagram displays some prominent variations in the curve of the "trajectory" or course of the bullet in its flight compared with the direct (dotted) line of sight taken in aiming; and shews also, at a glance, the necessity of accurately judging distances in shooting at distant objects.

All these topics, the influences of side-winds on the course of the ball, of sunshine and other atmospheric conditions on the sight, defects in aiming, firing at moving objects, are all such integral elements of musketry practice, and the knowledge of them so essential to the effective shooting of troops in the field, that they necessarily form a very important part of the course of instruction at Hythe.

Aiming drill is a link between theory and practice. It might seem, to an ignorant observer, bordering on the ridiculous, to see ten squads of ten men each, marshalled into two wings, carefully taking aim with empty rifles under the sharp eyes of their first-class sergeant-instructors, at two little spots on a couple of targets, and pulling their triggers in solemn mimicry of thorough "dead shots;" but the eye becomes thus so accustomed to see accurately distant objects that experienced officers consider that where, as in country districts, firing ranges of 800 or

When a man fires a gun, he naturally anticipates the explosion, and if a line of raw recruits be watched, a slight forward movement of the head and shoulders of every one will be observed at the order to "fire," the result

The magazines of the period of which we are speaking were more remarkable than the newspapers. Everybody knows that the first of our modern magazines was the "Gentleman's," established in 1731, to which the booksellers set up a rival in the following year, under the title of the "London Magazine." For some years these two monthlies continued to hold the field alone, but now a host of similar publications had risen up, most of which affected a different style and boasted of superior matter, and they all presented a fair mixture of useful information and amusement. There was the "Universal Magazine," and the "Royal Magazine," and the "Imperial Magazine;" the "Christian's Magazine;" the "Musical Magazine;" the "Lady's Magazine," the "Royal Female Magazine," and the "Lady's Museum." A publisher of the latter part of the reign of George II. had sent forth a magazine with the still more ambitious title of the "Grand Magazine," which had got to its third year and was dying. But the 1st day of January, 1761, presented, in the article of Magazines, a very singular coincidence with the same day in the year 1861; it introduced to the world the first number of the second year's existence of a magazine which was designed as an improvement on all the existing magazines, and was publicly announced as being edited by the first novelist of the day, Dr. Tobias Smollett, assisted by Oliver Goldsmith and other popular writers. This was the "British Magazine," which continued for some years to hold a high position in the periodical literature of the day. Smollett, like our Thackeray, contributed, as editor, a new novel, which appeared in consecutive detachments, the number for January, 1761, opening with chapter xiv. of the Adventures of Sir Launcelot Greaves. These magazines were all published at the price of sixpence, but exactness in this point appears not always to have been considered strictly necessary. In an advertisement in the "London Chronicle" of the 3rd of January we are informed that, "Number xi. of the 'Lady's Museum,' on account of the holidays, is obliged to be postponed, and cannot be published till about the middle of this month." There were also two reviews, the

"Monthly Review" and the "Critical Review;" these were sold each at one shilling.

If we would form a notion of the differences and resemblances between January, 1761, and January, 1861, we need only take a glance at the advertisements of the former period, and we shall find singular examples of each. Our forefathers a hundred years ago, like ourselves, were labouring under the plague of crinolines, differing only in name—for they called them by the



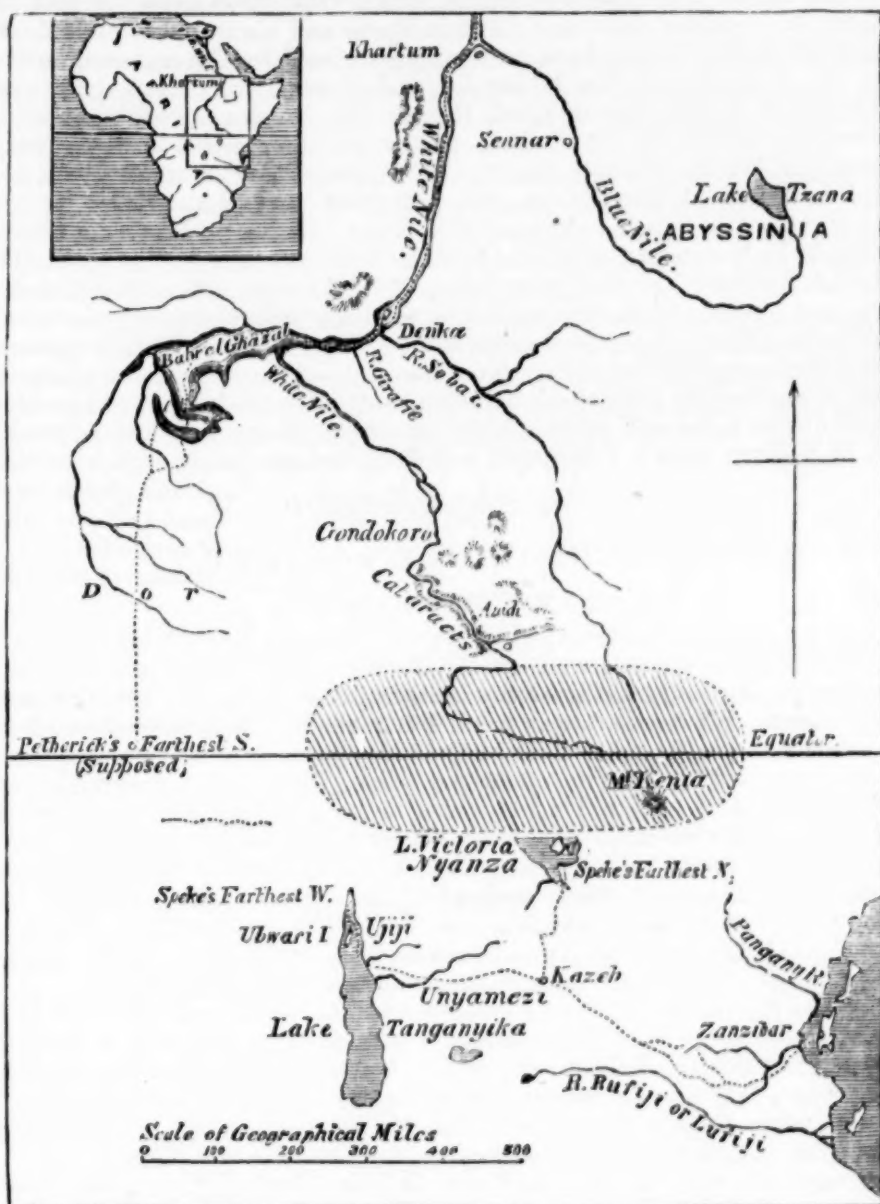
more intelligible name of hoop-petticoats. We give an example from one of the satirical prints of the time—for they were the object of unbounded satire and mockery. Fortunately we have not inherited from our grandfathers the taste for wigs. If we look over the columns of the "Public Advertiser," we see proclamations of the various excellencies of hair dyes, and paints for ladies' cheeks, and cosmetics of various kinds, which would set our perfumers of the present day to the blush. A foreign liqueur merchant publishes a list of fashionable liqueurs of enormous length, and of most quaint appellations, such as the Eau de Vipères, the Huile de Venus, the Esprit d'Adonis, the Coquette Flatteuse, and above all, the Eau d'Arquebuse de Monsieur! A wine-dealer, on the 2nd of January, announces his "Guernsey Ports" as being "light and high-flavoured as French claret," and offers them at twenty guineas a hoghead, or thirteen bottles for a guinea. They had their Rarey, too, in those days, who makes no modest estimate of his own abilities; for one Andrew Garvan, on the 4th of January, announces that he is ready to show "that I make a horse stalk and stand fire in one day; I reclaim vicious and shy horses of their faults very expeditiously; I make the highest mettled spaniel set in two days;" adding, by way of climax, that he could do "many other things too tedious to insert." There were odd ways in those times of seeking literary distinction. The "Public Advertiser" of the 1st of January, 1761, contains the following announcement:—"Whereas sundry copies of verses have been sent to some ladies at Wanstead, in Essex, for which they think themselves highly favoured by the author; as they are totally unacquainted with his person, though not with his merits, they make this request to him, that he will on Friday evening next make his personal appearance at Wanstead aforesaid, and he shall receive from them such ample rewards as shall suit with a man of honour and a good soldier."

If our forefathers a hundred years ago could not boast of their mesmeric influences, or of table-turning, or of spirit-rapping, they were the victims of a marvellous list of quackeries of other descriptions, which were perhaps more injurious in their effects. It was literally the age of quack medicines, and every possible disease was fitted with its nostrum, all duly qualified by His Majesty's Letters Patent. There were "The Original Balsam of Health," otherwise called "The Balsam of Life," which is described as "the most admirable vulnerary in nature;" the "Golden Nervous Cordial, or Paralytic Drops," which was "the greatest preservative and restorer of health ever yet published," and had been "sent many years ago by Her Catholic Majesty to King James the First's consort;" "The Famous Sugar-plums for Worms;" the "Grand Elixir of Ease," which was a certain cure for the cholera; and "The much-fam'd Hypo-Drops," which "infallibly cure melancholy in men or vapours in women." One "Doctor Toscano" declares himself able to find out and cure all diseases to which humanity is liable, adding in conclusion, "I will forfeit one hundred guineas if anybody can prove to the contrary." Some of these medicines are put forward under the name of the celebrated Dr. John Hill, the great medical and literary quack of the age; such as the "Essence of Water-Dock," a safe remedy for scurvy; and the "Elixir of Baridana," which was infallible against gout and rheumatism. Those who needed the latter were encouraged by the information, added to the advertisement, that "The baridana [burdock] is a common innocent British plant." Dr. Hill's "elixir" met with a rival in a medicine against the same diseases by one Dr. Colley, who announced as "an effectual remedy" his "Antiarthritic Wine," supposing perhaps that the very name of wine was enough to cure a gouty patient. But all these inventions are thrown into the shade by the "Medicinal Arabian Quilt," "wherein," we are told, "is infused a salutary composition," consisting chiefly of "Eastern vegetables," and by wrapping up in this quilt, sufferers under all sorts of diseases were to find quick relief. We learn from the same advertisement that "the author also has invented a medicinal paper cap, for the constant wear of those who are vaporous, or subject to catch cold;" and of this it is further stated, "likewise it refreshes the memory of the studious, particularly those who apply constantly to their pen, and is so curiously contrived, that a gentleman (*sic*) may constantly wear them under their wigs, or even ladies under their caps."

SOURCES OF THE NILE.

"THEBARUM porte, vel divitis Ostia Nili." Were we to agree with the accounts of travellers, the sources of this most celebrated of rivers are as numerous as its mouths. The three great branches,—the Atbara, the Bahr-el-Azrek, and the Bahr-el-Abiad, were known even as far back as Ptolemy, who appears rightly to have considered the last, or the White River, to be the principal head. Two centuries before Bruce, the Jesuits Paez and Tellez had described the sources of the Blue River; but the MM. D'Abbadie have since asserted that the main stream of the Egyptian Nile—the White, or Western branch—had been discovered by them to be the Gibé of Enarea, in lat. 7° 49' 48" north, and long. 36° 2' 39" east. Curiously enough, the then President of the Royal Geographical Society, misled for a moment, and we trust for a moment only, favoured this view,—one strongly opposed by his successor, who, alluding to the controversial disputes, which had so greatly mystified the rise and course of this wonderful river, unhesitatingly expressed his conviction that no European traveller had yet seen its true source. The fallacy of M. D'Abbadie's opinions have been clearly laid bare by Dr. Beke.

The White River was traced upwards by Linant Bey, in 1827, about 150 miles from Khartum to El-Ais. In 1840-41-42, expeditions were sent by the Pasha of Egypt, under D'Arnaud, the second one accompanied by Warne, according to whom the farthest point reached was in lat. N. 4° 42'; long. E. 30° 58'. The missionary Knoblecher proceeded in 1850 somewhat farther; but, as we are assured by Consul Petherick, he having no instruments with him, made no observations either for latitude or longitude. The river there continued broad and deep from the south-west.*



The farthest point known to geographers on the White Nile has hitherto been Gondokoro, which, being described as in about North latitude 4° 30', and East longitude 31° 50', is thus nearly 1,400 miles above Khartum, or above 3,000 miles from Alexandria. During the months of December and January this place forms a mart for ivory, when traders from Khartum visit it, and obtain, in exchange for grain and beads, large quantities of ivory. The remaining ten months of the year the spot is deserted. As far up as Gondokoro, the navigation is open to boats; but above this place a succession of rapids are reported to render farther navigation difficult, if not impossible. Only very lately an Italian, by name Miani, states that, leaving his boats at Gondokoro, he travelled along the river in a south-east direction, to a place called Galuffi, situated, according to his estimate, about 180 miles above Gondokoro. This slight sketch of Nilotic discovery would, however, be incomplete without mentioning the hitherto almost unnoticed services of Her Majesty's Consul in Sudán, Mr. Petherick, who, during a residence of fifteen years on the Upper Nile, has, at various periods, penetrated farther into the interior than all other travellers, including even his late friends Brun-Rollet, Vaudez, and De Malzac. Mr. Petherick mentions the existence of rapids in 3° 30' north latitude, which, forming an impassable barrier to sailing-boats, might be overcome by steam; he adds, however, a circumstance unknown to us, viz., that, unfortunately for private enterprise, the introduction of steam-boats, for so worthy an object even as for scientific purposes, is strictly prohibited by the Viceroy. It was at Balignan, at or near these rapids, that M. Vaudez, while occupied on an expedition towards the east, was, with sixteen of his Arabs from Khartum, attacked by the Barri negroes, and brutally

* The total failure of the expedition lately organized by the Pasha of Egypt to ascend the White Nile, under the command of M. Escayrac de Lauture, was ascribed by its leader to the German philosophers whom he had been induced to take with him. Young Twyford, the only Englishman he had, did wonders.

murdered. Brun-Rollet, who had in 1856 ascended the Misselad about 120 miles, has since shared his fate. In the year 1853, Mr. Petherick was the first European navigator of the Bahr-el-Gazal, from landing on the shores of which he was then prevented by the hostility of the blacks. The next year, with a larger force, he not only succeeded in landing, but forced his way into the interior from the lake, and formed a post among the Djour tribe. Year after year since that date, up to 1858, has our energetic countryman continued to push his establishments farther and farther into the interior, until at length he has, according to his rough calculation, arrived at a place called Mundo, among the cannibal Niam-ham tribes, at or close to the equator.*

Having thus sketched the attacks upon the "sources of the Nile," which have taken place along the course of the river, or, as it were, in front, we proceed to mention the flank attacks, which have lately been undertaken from the eastern side of the Continent. In 1856, Captain Richard Burton, already known for his adventurous travels to Mecca and Medina, and his daring visit to Harar, again volunteered his services to the Geographical Society, to proceed to Zanzibar; thence to the reported "Great Lake of Niassa," and after having explored its locality, to turn northwards towards the Bahr-el-Abiad. This offer having been accepted, Captain Burton, and his companion Captain Speke, proceeded to Zanzibar, and thence, early in 1857, penetrated, *via* Baya-Moya, into the Interior. Among the geographical results of the expedition, were the discovery of the two lakes, Tanganyika and Nyanza. Captain Burton's health, after so long-continued hardships, having totally broken down, Captain Speke at once offered to return to Zanzibar, thence to penetrate, *via* his discovered Lake Nyanza, to Gondokoro, on the White Nile. The experience of the former expedition having proved the necessity for a greater allowance, Captain Speke and his friend Captain Grant (both of the Indian Army) have been amply assisted by Government, as well as by the India Board, the Admiralty, and, through Sir George Grey, even by the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope. The latest accounts received at the Geographical Society from him, convey the information that the party, efficiently aided by Colonel Rigby, Her Majesty's consul at Zanzibar, had landed in safety at Baga-Moya and proceeded several marches into the Interior. Captain Speke entertains full hopes of meeting his friend Consul Petherick, in November, 1861, at Gondokoro on the White Nile. This Mr. Petherick has, with the kind permission of the Foreign Office, gladly undertaken, and a subscription list, headed by the Geographical Society,† to which the Foreign Office and numerous others have liberally subscribed, is opened.

The accompanying sketch-map gives the district proposed to be explored, which, if successfully performed, will ultimately solve the long-sought problem of the "Caput Nili," and prove to the country, and to the discoverers, the truth of Nelson's motto, "*Honor est a Nilo.*"

ETHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE ESQUIMAUX.

At a meeting of the Ethnological Society, held on Wednesday evening, a very interesting paper was read by Sir Edward Belcher, on the Esquimaux, and more particularly on the stone hatchets which they manufacture from flint or chert. We need scarcely remind our readers that everywhere in our own islands and in Scandinavia flint tools have been dug up from the ground under circumstances and in quantities which lead to the inevitable conclusion that, at an epoch, long anterior to history, our continent was inhabited by races of men who were totally unacquainted with the use of metals, but who were yet able to fashion out of the hardest minerals arrow-heads and hatchets and other mechanical implements. To distinguish this period from that which follows it is described as the stone period. Knowing these facts, it becomes deeply interesting to ascertain what is the state of society among races who remain in the same early stage of civilization.

Now the Esquimaux, dwelling on the arctic sea-coasts, and separated by an uninhabitable wilderness from the rest of mankind, are precisely in this position, and Sir Edward Belcher has had a better opportunity than any other voyager of studying the manners and customs of this singular people in districts where they had not, previously to his visit, come in contact with Europeans. He is our highest authority in all that concerns them.

In many respects the habits of the Esquimaux recall the earliest ages in the history of man. They hunt and fish after the most primitive fashion. One instance of this may suffice. Sir Edward Belcher was one day watching the gambols of a number of seals seated upon a rock. Two other animals of the same species approached, their heads only appearing above water. There was a sort of flutter among those first noticed, and they plunged into the sea. The two new comers then crept up to the spot they had left, and uttering a low moaning cry, brought back the frightened pack, who paddled up to them. Sir Edward raised his gun to send a shot among them, when, to his surprise, it became apparent that the two animals were Esquimaux disguised in seal skins. One of them dealt the first seal which approached a blow over the nose which stunned it; the other, at the distance of a few yards, shot the second seal with a flint-headed arrow and float-bladder attached. The rest of the pack dived, the native hunters retired with their prey, and the English sportsman was well content to have escaped the unintentional slaughter of a fellow-creature.

The Esquimaux, however, have made no small progress in the arts of life. Their houses seem palaces when compared to the huts of peasants in the Hebrides or Connemara. They are constructed over pits dug in the ground, have roofs formed of drift wood and bearskins, and wooden floors planed smooth, the chinks being filled with moss. Over an aperture in the roof is stretched a sheet of whale's bladder, letting in a subdued light. Most ingenious are their weapons and mechanical tools. Among many singular instruments in use among them, exhibited by Sir Edward Belcher, was a carpenter's plane, the blade or knife of which is formed of a sharp-edged flint, while the wooden handle is perforated with holes, into which the fingers enter as into a glove, and terminates in a smooth resting-place for the palm of the hand and the wrist cut out in a manner admirably suited to give the workman the greatest purchase or hold of the tool. In the absence of

pots and kettles the Esquimaux are obliged to boil water by throwing heated cinders into wooden vessels. Yet they employ steam with great ingenuity in fashioning their bows, and in making their arrows straight, with the aid of a singular instrument formed of walrus tusk. In all cases in which we employ iron the Esquimaux employ flints for weapons and tools, and these flints are exactly similar to those found buried in the soil in England and Scandinavia.

Sir Edward Belcher had an opportunity of seeing them prepared for use on the spot where the chert of which they are formed crops out in a bed at the surface of the ground. In many cases, he says, chance splits the stone into the shapes required; but in general the rough block is placed upright and hewn down vertically by alternate chips until it assumes the required form. The ease with which the operation is performed is remarkable. Having seen the vast variety of uses to which they are applied, as illustrated by a large collection of tools, it is easy to account for the immense number of cut flints embedded in the soil in Northern Europe, on the assumption that a population similar to that now existing on the shores of the Arctic Sea then inhabited our continent.

The Esquimaux ladies are even more interesting than the Esquimaux men. They are very far from being destitute of grace and comeliness. The French *Coueurs des Bois* find, Sir Edward stated, that they make excellent wives, and we may add that the same fact has been established in the Shetland Islands. They are exceedingly ingenious in embroidery, employing in this art the sinews of the reindeer's neck, in threads as delicate as the finest of our machine-made spun cotton and silk. A home among the Esquimaux is not without its attractions. They manifest a spirit of honour which might do credit to a civilized people. Sir Edward Belcher could himself have existed very well among them. Our seamen have more than once shown a willingness to make the attempt; and it is not improbable, in Sir Edward Belcher's opinion, that men belonging to the *Erebus* and *Terror* have found a home among the Esquimaux, and still survive, having taken their places at the head of native households. Our ancestors of the stone period may then have led a more enviable existence than that we would be inclined to attribute to them, if we had not an opportunity of studying a society in the same early stage of civilization.

"An invaluable woman that," said one of these daring Canadians, pointing to his little Eskimo wife. "Many a time has she saved me from the jaws of death."

In the animated discussion which followed the reading of the paper various gentlemen took part, specially conversant with such subjects as the distinction between the flints of the geological and proper stone periods; the use of stone hatchets among the Red Indians; and the check and jade-stone ornaments used in California, Ancient Mexico, New Zealand, and China. The presence of the ladies for the first time in the hall of the Society gave fresh spirit to the proceedings. At the next meeting, which takes place on the 16th current, an important paper will be read by Mr. Consul Hutchinson.

THE CHRISTMAS PANTOMIMES.

IN spite of the inclement weather, the pantomimes continue to attract crowded houses. A successful pantomime, large as are the preliminary expenses, is a mine of wealth to the theatrical lessee. Last year a well-known manager was said to have cleared £8,000 by his pantomime. A certain operative establishment in the Haymarket might still be closed, but for Boxing Night and "Hot Codlins." Albonis and Giuglinis must therefore by no means look down superciliously upon Clown and Pantaloon.

The rivalry between managers runs altogether in the direction of scenic display. The anxiety is not to have the wittiest piece, with the aptest allusions to the topics of the day, but to put on the stage the grandest "transformation scene." In this apotheosis of paint and tinsel the poor author goes to the wall. The same process is going on in Paternoster-row, where a very indifferent book is believed to be saleable if it contains plenty of wood engravings. The playwright has, however, too often deserved to follow in the procession after the scene-painter and the wardrobe-keeper, by descending to that mere verbal wit which puts a word upon the rack, and tortures the vocable and the audience together. Take a few specimens of this excruciating school of pleasantry:—A merchant in a dilemma is pronounced to be in an "e-merchant-cy." Again, "You must take the gnomes as they come, and gnome-must-take." Half the audience hear the actor say "and no mistake," but miss the pleasantry. If this be wit, it is very unlike the wit of Sheridan and Douglas Jerrold. The frequent groan—the indignant "oh"—do not indicate that the audience derive a high degree of gratification from this species of humour. And if the manager can provide no better mental pabulum for the more intelligent portion of his audience (which we by no means admit, for lessees are notoriously mean in their payment for Christmas "introductions," and of Easter burlesques), they do well to give *carte blanche* to the scene-painter and stage-carpenter.

Having uttered a growl in the interest of our "order," and of the older play-going public, who were brought up to admire the "School for Scandal," and other examples of antiquated dialogue, we now wish to express our almost unqualified admiration of the taste and resources evinced in the scenic decorations of the Pantomimes of the year. With such aids and appliances as red-fire, the electric light, gold and silver tissue at discretion, and the manager's desire for gorgeous decoration, there is a fatal and almost irresistible temptation to get up scenes of gaudy magnificence, dazzling in their *ensemble*, but offending the eye of taste by violent contrasts, ill-assorted colours, and a want of tone, keeping, and harmony. There are examples, no doubt, in which artistic rules have been disregarded in the desire for brilliant and vivid effects. But for the most part, although the atmosphere sometimes pains the eye by the blaze of light and the intensity of colour, the groups are so arranged and the details so tastefully regulated, that even the royal academicians may admire, and even learn something, too, from the once-despised scene-painter. So many scenic masterpieces are, indeed, now to be seen any night at the chief metropolitan theatres, that the best days of Stanfield and Roberts are recalled, and the spectator regrets, as in those days, that the frail material of which the scenes are constructed and the necessity for "new and gorgeous effects" and "magnificent novelties," will soon lead them to be carted away into some dusty lumber-room.

* See annexed diagram.

† See Subscription List, "Sources of the Nile," among Advertisements, page 24.

That we should have to begin with any other pantomime than that at Drury Lane, we owe entirely to Mr. E. T. Smith. "None but himself can be his parallel;" and if Mr. E. T. Smith at Her Majesty's sees good to enter into rivalry with Mr. E. T. Smith at Drury Lane, it is not our fault if we commence with the larger and more aristocratic establishment. Pantomime is, indeed, looking up, when Harlequin and Columbine glitter on the boards sacred to Taglioni and Cerito. The subject of the pantomime at HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE is "Tom Thumb," the hero being personated with astonishing spirit and intelligence by a little girl, Miss Lilia Ross, of some six years old! She walks the vast stage with entire self-possession, and speaks with such perfect elocution that her tiny voice is heard in every part of the vast theatre. Master Tom's adventures of course follow the story-book, and more surprising incidents who would desire? He is bodily carried away in the bag of cherry-stones, is lost in the honey-pot, is devoured and disgorged by the red cow (so well set forth upon the stage, that papas and mammas laughed as heartily as their progeny), is carried through the air by a crow, goes down the giant's throat, is found in the body of a salmon, is drowned in a punch-bowl, and, finally, comes forth, equipped as a perfect knight, and riding gloriously on a mouse. 'Tis pity of our life to see so true a little hero fall ignominiously by the claw of a cat, yet he dies a brave death, too, in the most heroic style. His childish admirers would be inconsolable, but that the fairies nightly restore him to life, and bear him away to their fairy home. Whether that is likely to be a mean and lustreless abode, it is needless to say. Tell Mr. Beverley you want a "fairies' home," and what imagination he displays, what beauty he unfolds! The gorgeous tableau of course excites nightly enthusiasm, and then the harlequinade begins. The author of the introduction is Mr. E. L. Blanchard.

THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN, is gaining a high character for its pantomimes. Last year the best hit at the Liverpool merchant correspondents of Napoleon was found at this theatre, although most of the playwrights sent an arrow at that easy and tempting target. This year the same author, Mr. J. V. Bridgman, has been able to engraft upon the nursery story of "Bluebeard" an under-current of plot and character, which the audience are able to apply pretty closely to what is going on in the Italian peninsula.

At DRURY LANE, "Peter Wilkins and his Flying Women" furnish the plot of the pantomime, which is, as usual, from the practised pen of Mr. E. L. Blanchard. Peter is a Cornish miner. Being shut up all night in a mine he is visited by the mine goblins, who dance a grim and grotesque *pas d'ensemble*. When they offer to transport him to Elfin Land in the crystal sphere you may be sure Mr. Beverley is waiting round the corner, or behind the gloomy scene for you, and so it turns out. This charming scene depends more on colour and foliage, on ferns and palms, than on gilding and glitter, yet of silver and gold shewn on the dresses of the *corps de ballet* there is no want. A subsequent scene shows Peter in the Flying Women, and here Mr. Beverley revels in the fantastic and beautiful. Imagine a flight of winged nymphs through dark clouds across the stage, to the trysting place of their tribe, the "spreading banian tree!" A modern transformation scene at a great house begins where a few years ago it would have triumphantly ended. "Mr. Beverley's "Island of Flying Women by Sunrise" is gorgeous at the outset in an incredible degree, but gradually glows in intensity by a series of slow mutations until the whole of the stage is a blaze of light, gilding, and colour. The artist has been said to have "dipped his pencil in sunbeams" in this scene, while the groups of gracefully disposed women floating in mid-air, and revealed in all sorts of impossible positions, give a novel charm to the spectacle. Twice on Boxing Night was Mr. Beverley obliged to bow his acknowledgments from the wing, the audience being determined to see what manner of man this "Claude Lorraine of pantomime" might be, who provides, year after year, such unsurpassed feasts of colour, light, beauty, and magnificence for so many thousands of play-goers.

At the HAYMARKET, Mr. Buckstone gives us "Queen Ladybird and Her Children," founded on the old nursery rhyme which warns the ladybird to "fly away home." Would any one like to be too old or too grave to laugh at the spectacle of young ladybirds in bed, with their great red eyes, each of the size of an ordinary danger-signal? Their careful relatives enter to see if they are asleep, and, this pious duty discharged, they depart. Instantly and simultaneously these young ladybirds spring to their feet for a bolster-match—a bit of real life and fun which the youngsters in pit and boxes keenly relish and loudly applaud.

The LYCEUM, under the management of Madame Celeste, gives us an original fairy legend by Mr. E. Falconer, illustrated by Mr. W. Callcott. It is entitled "Chrystabelle." The grand scene is entitled "The Vision of the Rose." Masses of foliage expand and reveal moonlit grottoes; buds open; blossoms become fairies. At last, when superlatives have been exhausted, the efflorescence of the wild briar takes place, and the brilliant objects that meet the eye at every turn, all multiplied indefinitely by rippled mirrors, form a tableau of surpassing beauty. The Lyceum is strong in possessing the clever, lively, fascinating Lydia Thompson. The much desiderated Irish comedian, Mr. John Drew, fresh from Australia, and who deserves to be better known, is also here.

The ADELPHI might be supposed to require nothing but the "Colleen Bawn" to carry it successfully through the Christmas holidays; yet it gives us a burlesque extravaganza (not a pantomime), entitled, "Blue Beard from a new point of Hue." If the reader chooses to enter the Adelphi after reading such a title, he is sufficiently warned. The author, Mr. H. J. Byron, is one of the most successful disciples and imitators of Mr. F. Talfourd, in the art of word-straining and word-torturing. Blue Beard's "new point of hue" is that which he borrows from the green-eyed monster. Mr. J. L. Toole's grotesque "make-up" in the tunic of the East and the peg-tops of the West is laughable enough, and he is throughout the life and soul of the piece. The final tableau is by no means up to the mark; but those who are fond of puns, and dislocations of syllables which fall on the ear like puns, will find plenty of scope for their ingenuity in the new burlesque.

The PRINCESS'S gives us "Robinson Crusoe" (with variations not to be found in Defoe), by Mr. H. J. Byron. The dramatist's wit, it is said, was cut down to the smallest margin in order to allow fuller scope to the posturing and pantomime of M. Espinosa, who performed *Man Friday*, and who describes with admirable gesticulation his escape from the savages. His antics in *Crusoe's* dwelling, when visited by the chief of the Caribbeans, are unique, as are his feats in a war-dance composed and arranged by himself.

The ballet is the strong point of the piece, and the transformation scene not unworthy of Mr. W. Telbin.

The OLYMPIC extravaganza has employed the pens of two experienced hands—Mr. Oxenford and Mr. Shirley Brooks—and has exhibited Mr. Robson in a character for which his "measure" has been skilfully taken. Mr. Robson's forte is the manifestation of jealousy, but Mr. Robson, as *Timour the Tartar*, in love, tortured by a pair of Iagos, and made suspicious alike of a fair Mingrelian and a Circassian, of both of whom he is enamoured—must be admitted to be a felicitous conception. How Mr. Robson oscillates between the ridiculous and impressive; how, when refused, he grows abject in love, maunders at the feet of his *Princess*, gets insufferably tipsy, (can any one maunder and get tipsy like Robson?), how he cuts off heads in order to relieve his mind, and generally passes from the most ferocious wrath to the most winning sweetness, may be, not without difficulty, imagined. He is deaf, yet fatally quick at catching words not intended for his ear. His series of four "stamps" is inimitable. His vehemence of passion is almost terrible; yet it is remarked that the under-current of burlesque is never interrupted; so that, whether raging and stamping with fury or mumbling out morbid sentimentalisms, the response of laughter is always at hand. The dialogue is scarcely worthy of the authors. They have attempted a compromise between high art and low fun, which is somewhat embarrassing and unsatisfactory. The grand tableau, when *Timour's* deserved death-sentence is commuted to wedlock, sets forth the marriage symbols. *Imprimis*, a transparent bridal veil being drawn discloses an immense wreath of orange blossom. This, in turn, gives place to a huge, sparkling wedding-cake, with living figures, over which a canopy of fairy fire descends. The graceful and brilliant conception is due to Mr. Telbin.

THE STRAND offers "Cinderella," done by the fertile Mr. H. J. Byron. It is good to see Mr. Rogers as the grim *Clorinda*, of the "gushing order," with his short-waisted dress, and his cat-like spite against his sisters; and not less funny is Mr. J. Clarke, as *Baron Balderdash*.

Our space fails us, and we can do no more than chronicle in a line Mr. W. Brough's "Endymion," at the St. JAMES'S, and Mr. E. L. Blanchard's "Sinbad the Sailor" at SADLER'S WELLS. Mr. James, the rising scene-painter at the latter theatre, has invented two tableaux which will bear a comparison with the works of artists much better known.

May we not hope that readers who, from various circumstances, are prevented from seeing the Christmas Pantomimes, have not so entirely lost their sympathy and relish for these spectacles as to quarrel with our brief review and running commentary? The Christmas pieces and Easter spectacles are doing much to advance the taste of the public for landscape-art. They bring before the eyes of the masses a series of beautiful and dazzling pictures by great artists which afford the liveliest pleasure to young and old. And they thus deserve a place among the civilizing and refining influences which tend to withdraw men from grosser indulgences and supply them with a share of harmless merriment.

METEOROLOGY FOR THE MONTH OF DECEMBER,

DURING TWENTY YEARS FOR THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF LONDON, WITH OBSERVATIONS ON THE EXTRAORDINARY COLD OF THE LATTER PART OF DECEMBER, 1860.

(By JAMES GLAISHER, ESQ., Royal Observatory.)

Years.	Mean Reading of the Barometer at Level of the Sea.	Great-est Heat.	Great-est Cold.	Range of Temperature in Month.	Mean of Air.	Departure from Average.	Degree of Humidity.	Number of days it fell.	Amount collected.
Inches.	°	°	°	°	°	°			in.
1841	29.75	53.9	24.3	29.6	40.5	+0.2	83	21	2.4
1842	30.19	58.2	30.8	27.4	45.0	+2.7	93	15	0.7
1843	30.43	54.7	25.6	29.1	43.9	+3.6	93	10	0.4
1844	30.07	49.3	21.1	28.2	33.0	-7.0	92	13	0.4
1845	29.84	55.5	28.0	27.5	41.7	+1.4	81	17	2.0
1846	29.88	49.9	18.8	31.1	32.9	-7.4	90	14	1.1
1847	29.96	59.5	25.0	34.5	42.8	+2.5	91	13	2.0
1848	29.69	62.8	21.8	41.0	44.0	+3.7	86	18	2.6
1849	29.98	56.3	18.9	35.9	39.1	+1.2	90	18	2.4
1850	30.00	56.5	24.2	32.3	40.6	+0.3	92	16	1.3
1851	30.32	54.8	24.9	29.9	40.4	+0.1	87	6	0.6
1852	29.76	56.0	31.7	24.3	47.6	+7.3	80	19	2.2
1853	29.98	50.0	18.0	32.8	34.0	-6.3	89	8	0.7
1854	29.95	55.0	26.5	28.5	41.3	+1.0	86	16	1.4
1855	29.94	52.4	16.9	35.5	35.6	+4.7	84	11	1.2
1856	29.83	58.9	18.5	40.4	40.2	+0.1	90	13	1.3
1857	30.30	57.0	30.8	26.3	45.1	+4.8	90	6	0.5
1858	29.95	53.5	30.3	23.2	41.0	+0.7	89	14	1.7
1859	29.80	56.5	14.0	42.5	36.8	-3.5	88	17	2.2
1860	29.67	54.0	7.0	47.0	36.3	-4.0	94	17	2.8

The mean pressure of the atmosphere for December at the level of the sea, from the observations of nineteen years is 29.94 inches. In the year 1848 this ratio was as large as 30.43 inches, and in the month just passed as small as 29.67 inches, being less than any other in the period of twenty years; that, however, in 1848, was larger by two hundredths of an inch only.

The numbers in column 3, show the highest temperature reached in every December since 1841; the highest noted was 62° 8 in the year 1848, and the lowest 49° 3 in the year 1844.

The numbers in the 4th column, show the lowest recorded temperature in December in each year, from which it will be seen that 1860 is lower than any other in the series—of this I shall speak presently.

The Monthly range of temperature shown in the next column was as large as 47° 0 in 1860; the next in order was in 1859, 1847, and 1856; all the rest were less than 40°; the smallest range was in 1858.

The mean temperature of the Month was 36° 3. The mean of the preceding nineteen Decembers is 40° 3. In the year 1852 it was as large as 47° 6; it was also of high ratio in the years 1842, 1848, and 1857. In the year 1846 was the coldest December, its mean being 32° 9; it was of low ratio also in the years 1844 and 1853.

The departure of the monthly temperature below the average for the month, is shown in the next column, the sign — being affixed to those below the average,

and the sign + to those above. In the year 1852 the temperature is thus shown to have been 7°·3 in excess, the next year 6°·3 in defect, thus those two successive Decembers differed no less in temperature than 13°·6 from each other. This month in 1844 was 7°, and in 1846 was 7°·1 below the average.

The temperature of the dew-point for the month, not shown in the Table, was 33°·5, being 3°·6 below its average.

The degree of humidity is shown in the next column upon a scale, supposing no water to be present in the air, to be represented by 0, and when the air is quite saturated by 100. The mean of the 19 years ending 1859 is 89, and this ratio is less than in the last month by 5, and, therefore, the air in December was more humid than usual, and, indeed, more so than in any of the preceding Decembers.

The numbers in the 9th column show the number of days of rain or snow, viz., 17 being about the usual number; and in the last column the amount of rain—that in 1860 being the largest fall in the series of years, amounting to 2·8 inches; the fall in 1848 was, however, only two-tenths of an inch less.

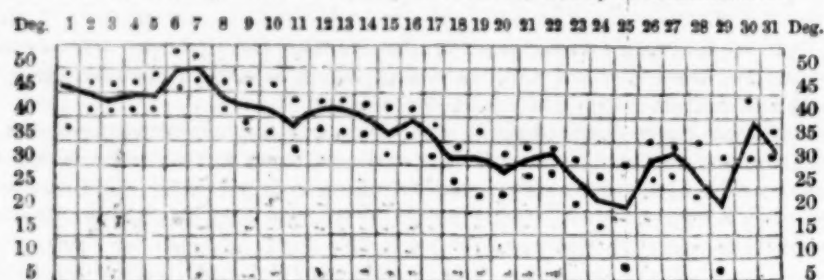
The fall of rain during the year was 32 inches. This is about 7½ inches above the annual average.

The direction of the wind was S.W. generally at the first part of the month, and N. and E. at the latter. For the month the relative frequency were N. 9, E. 7, S. 7, and W. 8.

The month, therefore, is distinguished by a low barometrical pressure; unusually low temperature towards the end of the month; a great range of temperature; a cold month, but not remarkably so; a humid atmosphere, and an excess of rain. Of these, beyond question the most remarkable is the extraordinary cold at the latter part of the month, of which I proceed to speak in detail.

The annexed diagram will show at a glance the distribution of temperature over the month. The continuous line indicates the mean or average temperature of every day of twenty-four hours (from midnight to midnight). The dot

Thermometer for the Month of December, 1860, at Blackheath.



above the line shows the highest temperature of the air daily, and the one below the lowest temperature of each night. The distance between the two dots on the same day, show the range of temperature in that day, as measured by the numbers on either side of the diagram; and if this difference be compared with 9½°, the average daily range of temperature in December, those days distinguished by either an unusually large or small range will be at once determined, with the amounts of difference from the average. On December 22, the range was very small, being about 4° only, or 5½° too small; whilst on Christmas-day, and again on the 29th, the ranges were 22° and 28° respectively. The average temperature of the month, as before stated, is 40½°. If an imaginary line be drawn across the diagram at this reading, it will be found to cut the line of mean temperature at about the 13th day. Till this day, the temperature was constantly above the average; and from this day, constantly below, excepting only the 30th day. On December 6, the excess of temperature above the average, was 8°; on December 18 and 19, it was 9° below on both days; on December 23, 24, Christmas-day, and the 29th, it was 11°, 15°, 16°, and 14° below the averages of those days.

The most severe period was from December 18 to December 29. The mean temperature of these twelve days was 27·7° only. It would be interesting to compare this cold period with other groups of days, remarkable for their low temperatures in the month of December, and these are shown in the following Table:—

Year.	Group of Days.	Number of days in each group.	Mean Temperature of each group.
	From. To.		
1814	December 18 to December 27	10	27·8
1819	" 8 " 14	7	27·0
1820	" 25 " 31	7	28·2
1822	" 25 " 31	7	26·7
1829	" 20 " 31	12	27·0
1830	" 23 " 29	7	26·4
1835	" 19 " 27	9	27·5
1836	" 24 " 31	8	29·4
1840	" 14 " 30	17	28·1
1844	" 5 " 14	10	28·1
1846	" 11 " 18	8	27·8
1853	" 25 " 31	7	29·0
1859	" 14 " 20	7	25·7
1860	" 18 " 29	12	27·7

The period just passed is not, therefore, particularly remarkable, for seven days in the preceding year the temperature was lower, and for the period of the same length in 1849, the temperature was lower. It was, however, very remarkable for a severe cold of short duration.

On December 24, the highest temperature reached was 28°; it fell to 16° at night, and to 8° by 7h. A.M. on the 25th; it then rose, by 9h. A.M., to 12°, and gradually to 30° by 10h. P.M., which was the minimum temperature of the day. On the 26th, the temperature ranged between 26° and 35°; on the 27th, between 23° and 35°; on the 29th, between 24° and 35°; but on the morning of the 29th it was as low as 7° at 7h. A.M.; at 9h. A.M., it was 14½°; at 10h. A.M., 24½°, an increase of no less than 10° taking place within one hour; the temperature then rose to 32° by midnight, and to 46° by 2h. P.M. on the 30th day, and a most rapid thaw set in.

The mean temperatures of December 24, 25, and 29 were 22°·4, 20°·2, and 23°·0 respectively. The previous instances in December of daily temperature below 23° are as follows:—

1814, December 24, the mean temperature was	20°·9.
1816, " 22, " "	21°·2.
1819, " 11, " "	20°·9.
1830, " 21, " "	18°·4.
" 25, " "	18°·6.
1835, " 25, " "	21°·3.
" 26, " "	22°·3.
1840, " 23, " "	22°·5.
1855, " 21, " "	20°·2.
" 22, " "	21°·5.
1859, " 17, " "	22°·8.

So that in the year 1830, the 24th and 25th of December were more remarkable for the severity of the cold, as shown in their mean temperatures, than in the present instance; but there is no instance of so low temperatures in December back to 1814, as those shown on Christmas-day and on the 29th day. The previous instances of low temperatures in the neighbourhood of London are as follows, going backwards, and not confining myself to December:—

1855, December 19, the temperature was as low as	12°
1855, February 19, " "	11°
1854, January 3, " "	13°
1847, February 11, " "	13°
1845, February 11, " "	minus 1½°
1841, January 8, " "	4°
1838, January 20, " "	minus 2¼°
1830, December 25, " "	11°

The cold weather of last week is very remarkable as having taken place in December; but from the preceding instances, it is by no means unprecedented, both in extreme severity and continuance about London.

From communications I have received from gentlemen with correct instruments, in the Midland counties, it would seem that for a narrow belt across the country, the temperature on Christmas-day fell below zero of Fahrenheit's scale; the limits of this belt I cannot yet determine, but I shall shortly be able to do so. The following table cannot fail to be of interest, as showing the temperature on the continent, at various places, during the severe cold in England, between December 24th and the end of the month.

Temperature of the Air at Foreign Stations, from December 24 to December 31, a little after the Time of Minimum Temperatures.

TEMPERATURE OF AIR.

Name of Stations.	24.	25.	26.	27.	28.	29.	30.	31.
Dunkerque	28·6	20·1	32·0	25·9	28·0	13·1	25·8	37·2
Strasbourg	19·2	20·1	29·0	35·2	38·7	28·0	26·7	41·1
Paris	18·8	24·8	30·4	36·5	35·6	20·7	33·0	43·2
Cherbourg	32·9	34·9	33·1	36·5	39·9	24·3	44·6	
Brest	30·7	29·0	36·0	45·0	40·6	33·8	53·4	52·0
Marseilles	40·6	34·9		45·3	46·8	37·0	44·3	46·5
Toulon	41·0	49·1		51·8	52·7	44·6	46·4	55·4
Nice	36·5	41·0	41·7	46·6	46·0		42·9	44·9
Lyon	34·3	34·7	45·7	48·2	43·0	33·8	40·6	50·0
Brussels	29·6	20·8	26·2	26·4	27·9	13·8	32·7	41·0
Turin	41·0	18·5	26·6	30·2	23·0	23·9	28·4	23·0
Vienna	11·8	20·5	30·4	30·9	37·2	23·5	22·1	42·9
Petersburg	15·0	10·4	4·3		15·3	18·0	0·5	0·8
Madrid	48·7	47·0			54·7	54·5		43·4
Florence	32·0		47·3	42·8	48·2	43·7	28·4	
Copenhagen	28·6	30·0	25·0		21·6	23·4	31·0	22·4
Leipsig	26·0	13·5	24·1	23·5	23·9	23·4	20·1	19·8
Moscow	—6·9	—4·0	4·5	12·6	15·3	7·2		9·0
Helsingfors	25·2	24·8	15·6	3·0	—8·7	9·0	10·9	5·7
Stockholm	30·9		23·4	19·8	8·6	20·1	5·0	15·3
Lisbon	57·7	53·8	57·7		58·6		57·5	54·1
Algiers	65·1	63·7						

The sign — indicates below Zero of Fahrenheit scale.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA AND ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS FOR JANUARY.

BEAUTIFUL as is the changeful scenery of the day, night has its glories too; and from time to time, as we direct attention to the phenomena of the coming month, we shall also give accounts of new discoveries and astronomical instruments, endeavouring thus to extend the spread of that quiet enjoyment and peaceful pleasure which the contemplation of the heavenly orbs is so calculated to give.

Month by month, as our earth rolls along its widely-swinging course, successively are seen above our heads those prominent groups of stars which the ancients have personified as constellations.

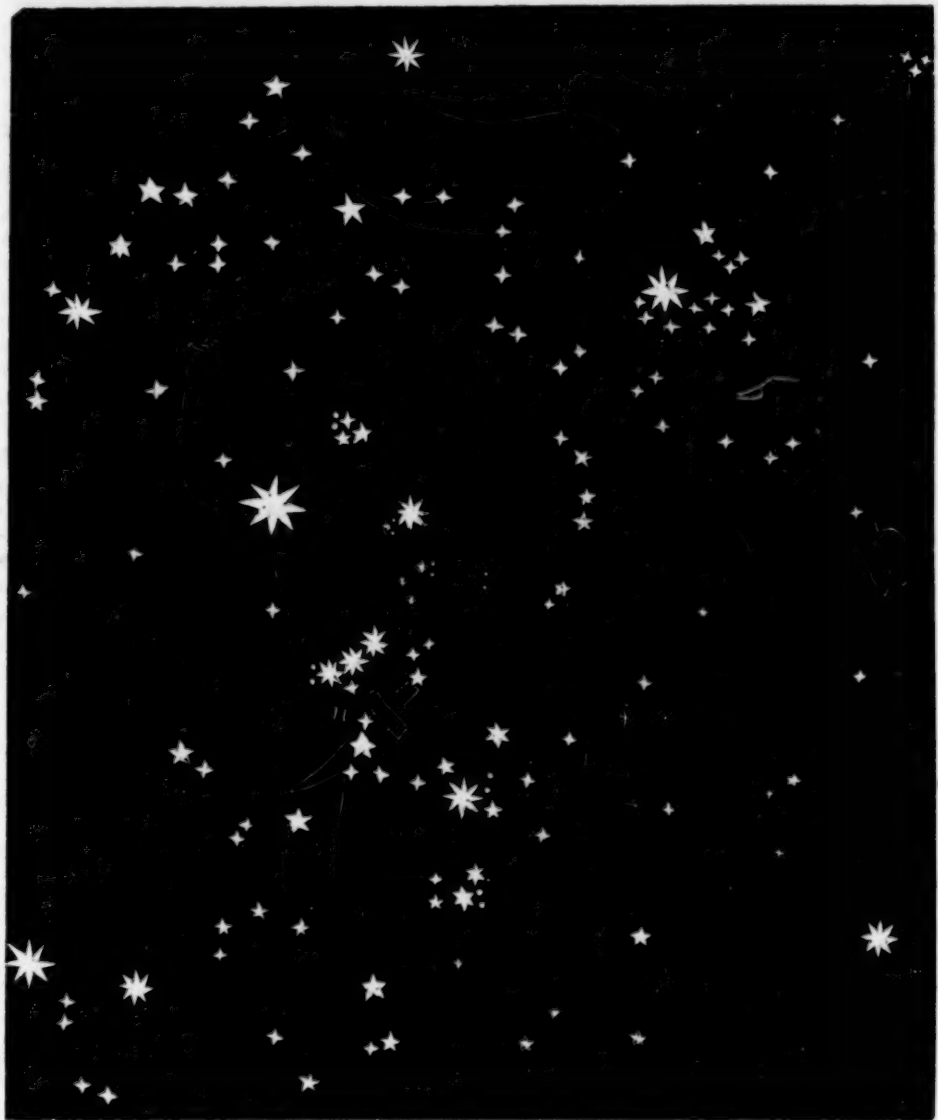
The brightest of these during the coming month will be the most beautiful, perhaps of them all—Orion; and his belt of three bright stars, will cause his quick detection amongst those hosts of other glittering stars with which the heavenly vault is so densely spangled. On his left shoulder is one of the standard stars, by means of which the astronomer, as with points, plots out the heavenly expanse; it may be picked out from others of the group as the most northerly of the four larger stars disposed like the corners of an imaginary parallelogram around the triplet of the belt. As personified, Orion is usually represented as a classic warrior with a huge club in one hand; but his ethereal outlines as traceable by his stars are so truly vague, that it is easier by drawing lines from his four bright stars to his belt, to form the resemblance of two inverted cones or an hour-glass, than to trace out any resemblance to a man. With a sign of human shape,

however, the ancients endowed this lovely group of stars,—and thus too have poets sung of it:—

“Orion’s beams! Orion’s beams!
His star-gemmed belt and shining blade;
His isles of light, his silvery streams,
And gloomy gulfs of mystic shade.”

The great nebula in Orion is one of the most beautiful of telescopic objects. In the midst of its brightest part are seen some of the most brilliant stars of the constellation. The resolvability of nebulae into gigantic clusters of stars depends alone on the power of the telescope; and of late years the most powerful instruments have been brought to bear upon this remarkable one in Orion, which had baffled every attempt with ordinary powers.

Even with Mr. Lassell’s great reflector, it is described as presenting no symptom of consisting of stars, but as still appearing like masses of fleecy cloud; but Lord Rosse, with his magnificent instrument—the most powerful extant—is said to have succeeded in getting positive evidence of its stellar character, especially of the central brighter portions. There can be no doubt, therefore, now, that the whole consists of myriads of stars, placed at an immeasurable and almost inconceivable distance from the earth.



The Constellation Orion, with Part of Taurus.

The Sun was at its shortest distance from the Earth on December 31st, 1860. It is situated south of the Equator, and moving northward. It passes from the sign of Capricornus to that of Aquarius on January 20th, at 0h. 18m. A.M.

The Moon is to the south of Saturn at 7h. 44m. P.M. of the first; to the south of Venus at 5h. 39m. P.M. of the 8th; to the south of Mercury at 1h. 48m. A.M. of the 10th; to the north of Mars at 3h. 23m. P.M. of the 17th; to the north of Uranus at 9h. 52m. A.M. of the 22nd; to the south of Jupiter at 11h. 48m. P.M. of the 27th; and to the south of Saturn at 0h. 58m. A.M. of the 29th. It is nearest the Earth at 8h. P.M. of the 2nd; at its greatest distance at 5h. P.M. of the 17th; and again at its least distance at 11h. A.M. of the 29th.

Last Quarter occurs at 54 minutes past 1 on the morning of the 4th.
New Moon " 27 " 3 on the morning of the 11th.
First Quarter " 0 " 4 on the morning of the 19th.
Full Moon " 7 " 5 on the afternoon of the 26th.

Mercury is in the constellation of Ophiucus at the beginning of the month, whence it passes to Capricornus at the end of the month. It is near to the Moon on the morning of the 10th; in aphelion on the morning of the 12th; and in superior conjunction to the Sun on the morning of the 31st. It is not favourably situated for the telescopic examiner this month.

Venus is equally badly situated for examination, nor are its phases so interesting at present as to afford anything worthy of notice. It is situated in Scorpio at the beginning of the month, and near the head of Sagittarius at the end of the month. It is near the Moon on the afternoon of the 8th.

Mars sets almost exactly at the same moment throughout the month. It is in the constellation of Pisces throughout the month. It is near the Moon on the afternoon of the 17th, and close to Epsilon Piscium at 4h. 5m. P.M. of the 30th, the star then being 9m. west in R.A.

Jupiter is in the constellation of Leo throughout the month, and very close to Regulus, the principal star in that group. It is near the Moon at midnight of the 27th. It is visible throughout the whole night, and a fine telescopic object. 6th January, rises 7.33 P.M., souths 2.52 A.M.

Saturn is likewise situated in the constellation of Leo, but more easterly, and rises later, both from this circumstance and its smaller declination. It is near

the Moon on the afternoon of the 1st and midnight of the 28th. 6th January, rises 8.46 P.M., souths 3.43 A.M.

Uranus is in the constellation of Taurus, and favourably visible throughout the night. 6th January, rises 1.18 P.M., souths 9.22 A.M.

NECROLOGY OF EMINENT PERSONS.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

On Wednesday, the 2nd inst., at Sans Souci, near Berlin, His Majesty Frederick William IV. King of Prussia. The late King, who was the eldest son of Frederick William III. by his first wife, Louise Auguste Wilhelmine Amelie, daughter of the Duke Charles Louis Frederick of Mecklenburgh Strelitz, was born October 15, 1795, and had therefore recently completed the 65th year of his age. Having received his education under the most eminent professors of Germany, the young Crown Prince, as he was styled, took part, as a simple officer, in the campaigns of 1813-14. For some years previous to his father's death, he was looked upon as the hope of the Absolutist party, but his feelings and principles underwent a considerable change shortly before his accession to the kingly power, on his father's death in 1840. When, therefore, he mounted the throne, the hopes of the liberal party were raised to a very high pitch. Nor were those anticipations disappointed at the first; for the new sovereign conceded many points of reform which, though of minor importance in themselves, could scarcely fail to be hailed with delight as instalments of future favours in the same direction. These expected measures, however, were indefinitely delayed, and, as it has since proved, delayed for ever, by the revolutionary outbreak of 1848, which spread to Berlin, and caused several collisions between the soldiers and the citizens. The King then placed himself at the head of the National party, and proposed to fuse all the German States into one Federal Union, under a single head. An accidental quarrel between the people of Berlin and the soldiery, however, led the King to think that his liberalism had led him too far. Bloodshed was the result. Prisoners were taken, but the King released them, and proclaimed a general amnesty, and formed a new administration from friends of the popular party,—a measure which was soon followed by tranquillity. Shortly afterwards, and still with German Unity as his watchword, he undertook to protect Schleswig-Holstein, in opposition to the claims of Denmark; but when the National Assembly at Frankfurt passed over his pretensions, and elected the Archduke John Lieutenant-General of the German Empire, Frederick William became convinced, to all appearances, that German Unity, such as is desired by the enthusiastic students of Germany, was a game too difficult for him to play; and that as a king he would better consult the interests of his kingdom by giving more of his attention to Prussia, and less to Germany, than he had been in the habit of doing. At the same time, as if fearful of the fate of Louis XVI., and other weak though well-meaning monarchs, whose sad end is recorded in history, he thought it safer to act the part of a conservative than that of a revolutionary monarch, and entered upon a career of reaction which exposed him to much ill-will, if not danger; but which never again eventuated in popular insurrection. When the war between Russia and the Western Powers broke out in 1854, it was confidently expected that the King of Prussia would have cast in his lot with England and France; but he vacillated and persisted in maintaining neutrality between the two contending powers, and gained much distrust from both sides in consequence. In 1857 appeared symptoms of the distressing mental malady which clouded the last three years of his life, and, on their continuance, a Regency was appointed to administer the affairs of the kingdom. Accordingly, on the 9th of October, 1858, the king's brother, Prince Frederick William Louis, the heir presumptive to the throne, was inducted into that office, and took the necessary oaths, amid the general satisfaction of the people. The late king was married on the 29th of November, 1823, to Elizabeth Louisa, daughter of the late Maximilian Joseph, King of Bavaria, who survives him. As the union was not blessed with issue, the crown devolves upon the Regent, Frederick William Louis, Prince of Prussia, who is described in the *Almanac de Gotha*, as "the King's Lieutenant" in Pomerania, and Colonel-General of Infantry, Commander of the 7th Regiment of Infantry and the 7th of Hussars, &c., &c., who was born in 1797, and married, in 1829, the Princess Mary Louise Auguste Catharine, daughter of the Grand Duke of Saxe Weimar, by whom he has two children,—the Princess Louise Marie Elizabeth, married to the Grand Duke of Baden; and the Crown Prince, Frederick William, now heir-apparent to the throne of Prussia, born in 1831, who is married to our own Princess Royal, by whom he has a son, born in January, 1859, and a daughter, born in July last.

SIR M. E. TIERNEY, BART.

On Friday, the 28th ult., in Chapel-street, Belgrave-square, aged 42, Sir Matthew Edward Tierney, Bart., of Brighton, Sussex. He was the only son of the late Sir Edward Tierney, Bart., sometime Crown Solicitor for the North-Western Circuit in Ireland (by Anna Maria, youngest daughter of Henry Jones, Esq.), who was a brother of the well-known Sir Matthew J. Tierney, of Brighton, Physician to King George IV. That distinguished medical practitioner was first raised to a Baronetcy in 1818, which became extinct at his decease in 1845; but he had obtained in 1834 a new patent, with remainder to his brother Edward; and this creation also now becomes extinct, as Sir Matthew Edward Tierney, leaves no issue by his wife, Mary, daughter of Farrar Grove Spurgeon-Farrer, Esq., of Brafield House, Bucks, and of Clopton and Groton, Suffolk. The late Baronet was born in 1818, and succeeded to the title on his father's demise in 1856. He held for some years a commission as Lieutenant-Colonel in the Coldstream Guards.

GENERAL RAINEY, K.H., C.B.

On Wednesday, the 26th ult., at Brighton, aged 71, Lieutenant-General Henry Rainey, K.H., C.B., and colonel of the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers. According to Hart's *Army List* his services extended over a period of more than fifty years, as he was with the 82nd at the siege and capture of Copenhagen in 1807; with Sir Brent Spencer's expedition off the coast of Spain, and at Cadiz on the surrender of the French fleet; from thence he joined Sir Arthur Wellesley's army at Mondego Bay, and was afterwards present at the battles of Roleia, Vimiera, and Corunna, and also took part in the retreat under Sir John Moore. Accompanying the regiment to Walcheren in 1809, he was present at the surrender of Middleburgh, and the siege and capture of Flushing. He joined the army in the Peninsula in May, 1812, and served as aide-de-camp to General Sir T. Bradford during the siege of the forts of Salamanca, battle of Salamanca, capture of Madrid, siege of Burgos, and the retreat therefrom. He served afterwards in the Portuguese service, in advance, through the Trassos Montes in 1813, at the battle of Vittoria, actions of Villafranca and Tolosa, storm of the fortified con-

vent in front of San Sebastian, at both the sieges and storm of San Sebastian, passages of the Bidasson, battle of the Nivelle, battles of the Nive on the 9th and 10th December. He was severely wounded at the last mentioned engagement with the enemy, and also at the siege of San Sebastian. The deceased officer was also with the army of occupation in France, from the capitulation of Paris in 1815 to the end of 1818. For his active services in the field he was honoured with the Companionship of the Order of the Bath, and made a Knight of the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order, and received the silver war medal and eight clasps for his services in the Peninsula. His commissions bore date as follows:—ensign, Aug. 24, 1804; lieutenant, Nov. 1, 1804; captain, April 13, 1809; major, June 21, 1817; lieutenant-colonel, Aug. 15, 1822; colonel, Jan. 10, 1837; major-general, Nov. 9, 1846; and lieutenant-general, June 20, 1854. The gallant general was appointed colonel of the 23rd regiment in May, 1855, on the death of General Sir G. D'Aguilar.

HONOURABLE E. S. PERY.

On Monday, the 31st ult., at Wiesbaden, aged 63, the Honourable Edmund Sexton Pery, third and youngest son of Edmund Henry, first and late Earl of Limerick, and uncle of the present earl, by Alice Mary, only daughter and heir of Henry Ormsby, Esq., of Cloghan, county Mayo. He was born in February, 1797, and married, in 1825, Elizabeth Charlotte, daughter of the late Honourable William Cockayne, brother of the last Viscount Cullen, an Irish peerage, which became extinct on the death of the sixth viscount in July, 1810.

COUNTESS OF EGLINTON.

On Monday, the 31st ult., at Edinburgh, aged 32, the Countess of Eglinton and Winton. Her ladyship was the Lady Adela Caroline Harriet Capel, only daughter of Arthur Algernon, 6th and present Earl of Essex, by the Lady Caroline Jeannetta Beauclerk, daughter of the 8th Duke of St. Alban's. She was born March 4th, 1828, and was married in 1858 to the Earl of Eglinton, while his lordship held the vice-regal dignity in Ireland, under Lord Derby's ministry. Lady Eglinton had given birth to a daughter on the 7th ultimo, and for some time had progressed most favourably, but having caught cold, she relapsed. According to the *North British Daily Mail*, the announcement of the painful bereavement which this highly-esteemed nobleman has sustained will create a feeling of sadness in all circles, and especially in those amongst the poor, as well as the rich, by whom he is best known. Lord Eglinton was first married, in 1841, to Theresa, widow of R. H. Cockerell, Esq., Commander, R.N., who died very suddenly in 1853, shortly after the termination of his lordship's former vice-royalty. By his first wife he had three sons and a daughter; and by his second countess two daughters, one born in August, 1859, and the other a few weeks only before her mother's death.

LADY HALES.

On Saturday, the 22nd ult., at her residence, 54, Montagu-square, Lady Hales, relict of the late Sir Edward Hales, Bart., of Hales-place, Kent, in her 90th year. The deceased lady was Lucy, second daughter of the late Henry Darell, Esq., of Cale Hill, Kent, by Elizabeth, second daughter of Sir Thomas Rokewood Gage, fifth baronet, of Hengrave Hall, Suffolk. She was born in 1771, and married in 1789 Sir Edward Hales, Bart., of Hales-place, near Canterbury, and of Woodchurch and Tunstall, Kent, a Roman Catholic gentleman of high standing and large fortune, but was left a widow without issue in 1829, when his title, which was one of the very first created by James I. in 1611, became extinct. The first baronet was grandnephew of Sir James Hales, one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas in the reign of Henry VIII. The third baronet, Sir Edward, espoused the cause of James II., and was created by that sovereign Earl of Tenterden, after his abdication: but the title has not been recognized. His son and successor, Sir John, grandfather of the husband of Lady Hales, was offered a peerage by George I., on condition of abandoning all claim to the earldom conferred on his father, but declined to accept it on such terms. Lady Hales herself was a Roman Catholic, and her name was known far and wide among those of her religion for her great charities.

LADY HORNBY.

On Tuesday, the 25th ult., at Little Green, Sussex, aged 76, Lady Hornby, widow of Admiral Sir Phipps Hornby, K.C.B. The deceased lady was Mary Sophia, daughter of the late Lieut.-General John Burgoyne, whose American services are recorded in history, and sister of General Sir John Burgoyne, Bart., of the Royal Engineers. In 1814, she married her husband, who is the fifth son of the late Rev. George Hornby, formerly Rector of Winwick, co. Lancaster, and cousin of the late Earl of Derby, by whom she had issue the late Capt. Phipps John Hornby, R.E.; Capt. Geoffrey Phipps Hornby, R.N.; and Mr. John James Hornby, Fellow of University College, Oxford; and also five daughters, of whom the eldest is married to Col. Sir W. Denison, K.C.B., Governor of Ceylon.

DOWAGER LADY CLIFTON.

On Thursday, the 20th ult., at her residence in Bruton-street, Lady Clifton, widow of the late Sir Jukes Granville Jukes Clifton, Bart., of Clifton, Notts. The deceased lady was Marianne, daughter of the late John Swinfen, Esq., of Swinfen, co. Stafford, and married in 1812, as his second wife, the 8th baronet of that name, by whom she had issue an only son, the 9th and present baronet, and an only daughter, the wife of Sir Henry Hervey Bruce, Bart., of Downhill, co. Londonderry, but was left a widow in October, 1852.

LADY E. NEEDHAM.

On Tuesday, the 25th ult., the Lady Emily Needham, of Datchet House, Bucks aged 69. The deceased lady was the third daughter of the late Earl of Kilmorey (who died in 1832), by Anne, daughter of Thomas Fisher, Esq., and sister of the present Earl. She was born April 6th, 1791, and lived and died unmarried. The families of Lord Kilmorey, Lady Newry, Lord Colville, the Hon. and Rev. H. C. Cust, the Earl of Ranfurly, General Higginson, and other noble and distinguished families, are placed in mourning by her ladyship's decease.

THE BAT AND THE RAT—A SAMOAN FABLE.—They say that the rat had wings formerly, and that the bat at that time had no wings. One day the bat said to the rat, "Just let me try on your wings for a while, that I may see how I like flying." The rat lent the bat his wings. Off flew the bat with the wings, and never came back with them again. This fable is quite a proverb, and often applied to a person who borrows a thing and does not return it.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

John Ashley Warre, Esq., M.P., F.R.S., of West Cliff House, Ramsgate, and of Lowndes-square, Knightsbridge, died on the 18th of November last, at West Cliff, aged 73, having made his will on the 3rd of February preceding his death, appointing as his executors his relict, his son, John Henry Warre, Esq., and Pascoe St. Ledger Grenfell, Esq., who proved the same in the London court, on the 26th of December. The personalty was sworn under £120,000. This large amount of property, together with his real estates, he has devised entirely amongst his family, with the exception of a few legacies,—one of which is of a charitable nature, and the others are bequests to the servants of his establishment. To his relict there are many bequests, besides an annuity of £540, his residence, furniture, carriages, &c. This lady is also amply provided for under her marriage settlement. To his eldest son he devises his freehold estates of inheritance, at Fitzpaine, Somerset, as well as his leasehold and certain other estates. Two silver-gilt cups, which had been bequeathed to him, he directs that they may descend as heirlooms with these estates. To his second son he has bequeathed his estates at Taunton and Ashton-under-Lyne; and to his third son he leaves his estates in Herts, and his property at Oporto. For his daughter he has made ample provision under his marriage settlement and otherwise. There are several other bequests bestowed upon his children, but the eldest son takes the residue. The charitable bequest above alluded to, is that of the sum of £1,000 to the infant schools which the testator erected at St. Lawrence, Ramsgate. This gentleman possessed much influence in the locality in which he resided. He was deputy-Lieutenant and a magistrate for the county of Kent, and had represented in Parliament, successively, Lostwithiel, Taunton, and Hastings, from 1812 to 1834, and was M.P. for Ripon from 1857 up to the period of his decease.

Elizabeth, Comtesse de Chatauvillard, wife of Alfred Louis de Blance, Comte de Chatauvillard, formerly of Dieppe, but late of Enghien, both in France, who died at the latter place on the 4th of July last, having made her will in this country, dated the 25th of May, 1854, and a codicil whilst residing in France, and dated the 8th of December, 1857: both documents are written in the English language. Her ladyship was possessed of property in England and Ireland under marriage settlement in 1854, as well as under the will of her late father, Robert Beeby, Esq., whose will was proved in Ireland in 1828. Her ladyship's effects in this country were sworn under £7,000, and a limited probate was granted by the London Court on the 27th of December last to the property in England, which was administered to by the executors, Charles Earle, Esq., of "The Firs," Leamington, Warwick, and Thomas Young, Esq., of Sackville-street, Westminster. Her ladyship gives her entire property, with one exception of an annuity of £50 to a personal friend, to her son and daughter, the latter being the wife of Baron Camille du Port d'Alis. It is a singular circumstance, that both mother and daughter should have married French noblemen, a pretty intelligible instance that our fair countrywomen possess great attractions, and as such are both justly and highly estimated by our foreign neighbours.

Archibald Campbell Barclay, Esq., of Fitzroy-square, London, who died at his residence on the 24th of June last, had executed his will bearing date the 9th of September, 1853, in which he had appointed as his executors his relict Jane Elizabeth Barclay, and his brother-in-law, Edmond Sheppard Symes, Esq., M.D., of 77, Lower Grosvenor Street, who duly proved the will in the principal registry on the 31st of last month. The will is exceedingly brief, being written on one side of paper, and disposes of the whole of his property to his relict absolutely.

John Green Paley, Esq., formerly of Bowling Hall, near Bradford, Yorkshire, and late of Oatlands, near Harrowgate, died on the 9th of October last, leaving personal property which was sworn under £250,000, having made his will in 1859, with three codicils, all dated during the past year, which were proved in London on the 24th of last month, by the executors, the Rev. George Baker Paley, B.D., Rector of Freckenham, Suffolk (the eldest son), John Dury, Esq., of Birstwith, York, and Raymond South Paley, Esq., the grandson of the testator. This gentleman, who seems to have amassed a very large fortune, has left it entirely amongst his family, consisting of four children, one son and three daughters. The testator had another son, but who died recently, leaving a family. To the children of this deceased son he leaves a sum of £14,000, together with a moiety of the residue; to his eldest son he devises his estates at Langcliffe and Kirkby Malham, in Craven, with certain other estates, and the presentation to the church the testator erected at Langcliffe; and has directed that all his other estates, manors, lordships, collieries, mines, shares, &c., shall be divided between his eldest son and his deceased son's children. The testator's three daughters he has otherwise very amply provided for; and has left an annuity of £20 to his servant, Ann Shiells.

Thomas Thornton, Esq., of Brunswick-square, Brighton, died on the 9th of December last, possessed of personalty to the amount of £200,000. His will bears date the 5th of September, 1835, and was attested by John Coles Symes, solicitor, Fenchurch-street, and Jos. Thurgood, of Hove. Probate was granted on the 21st of December last, by the London Court to Lieutenant-Colonel George Thornton, E.I.C. (the brother), Henry S. Welch, and Alfred B. Welch, Esqs. (the nephews), and Henry J. Thornton, Esq., the cousin of the testator. The will, which is of considerable length, involves a great variety of bequests. The bulk of the testator's property is bequeathed to his two sisters, to his brother, the colonel, and to his two nephews and neice. To his unmarried sister, who resided with him, Mr. Thornton has bequeathed a handsome life provision, together with the residence at Brighton, the furniture, carriages, and other effects; she also shares with her sister, Mrs. Welch, and their brother, Colonel Thornton, in a life-interest in the residue which forms the greater portion of the testator's estate. On the decease of the two sisters and brother, the testator directs the property to be divided equally between his two nephews, Henry and Alfred Welch, and his niece, Mrs. Clark, to each of whom also an immediate legacy of £10,000 is bequeathed. Mr. Thornton, who was the possessor of various specimens of curiosities in birds, shells, and natural history, has left these collections, together with his library, to his two nephews. It will be great injustice to the memory of Mr. Thornton to omit to state his liberal contributions to ten of our public charitable institutions, to each of which he leaves the sum of £400. They are as follows: the King's College Hospital, Deaf and Dumb Asylum, Indigent Blind Institution, Philanthropic Society, Governness Benevolent Institution, London Orphan Asylum, Merchant Seamen's Orphan Asylum, Sussex County Hospital, Brighton Infirmary, and the Asylum for Idiots, Reigate.

THE BANKS OF THE JORDAN.

THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF ORIGINAL STORIES

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE, ESQ.,

Author of "Framley Parsonage," "Barchester Towers," &c.

To be followed by "MRS. GENERAL TALBOYS; or, English Life in Rome."

CIRCUMSTANCES took me to the Holy Land without a companion, and compelled me to visit Bethany, the Mount of Olives, and the Church of the Sepulchre alone. I acknowledge myself to be a gregarious animal, or, perhaps, rather one of those which Nature has intended to go in pairs. At any rate I dislike solitude, and especially travelling solitude, and was, therefore, rather sad at heart as I sat one night at Z——'s hotel, in Jerusalem, thinking over my proposed wanderings for the next few days. Early on the following morning I intended to start, of course on horseback, for the Dead Sea, the banks of Jordan, Jericho, and those mountains of the wilderness through which it is supposed that Our Saviour wandered for the forty days when the devil tempted him. I would then return to the Holy City, and remaining only long enough to refresh my horse and wipe the dust from my hands and feet, I would start again for Jaffa, and there catch a certain Austrian steamer which would take me to Egypt. Such was my programme, and I confess that I was but ill contented with it, seeing that I was to be alone during the time.

I had already made all my arrangements, and though I had no reason for any doubt as to my personal security during the trip, I did not feel altogether satisfied with them. I intended to take a French guide, or dragoman, who had been with me for some days, and to put myself under the peculiar guardianship of two Bedouin Arabs, who were to accompany me as long as I should remain east of Jerusalem. This travelling through the desert under the protection of Bedouins was, in idea, pleasant enough; and I must here declare that I did not at all begrudge the forty shillings which I was told by our British consul that I must pay them for their trouble, in accordance with the established tariff. But I did begrudge the fact of the tariff. I would rather have fallen in with my friendly Arabs, as it were by chance, and have rewarded their fidelity at the end of our joint journeyings by a donation of piastres to be settled by myself, and which, under such circumstances, would certainly have been as agreeable to them as the stipulated sum. In the same way I dislike having waiters put down in my bill. I find that I pay them twice over, and thus lose money; and as they do not expect to be so treated, I never have the advantage of their civility. The world, I fear, is becoming too fond of tariffs.

"A tariff!" said I to the consul, feeling that the whole romance of my expedition would be dissipated by such an arrangement. "Then I'll go alone; I'll take a revolver with me."

"You can't do it, sir," said the consul, in a dry and somewhat angry tone. "You have no more right to ride through that country without paying the regular price for protection than you have to stop in Z——'s hotel without settling the bill."

I could not contest the point, so I ordered my Bedouins for the appointed day, exactly as I would send for a ticket-porter at home, and determined to make the best of it. The wild unlimited sands, the desolation of the Dead Sea, the rushing waters of Jordan, the outlines of the mountains of Moab—those things the consular tariff could not alter, nor deprive of the glories of their association.

I had submitted, and the arrangements had been made. Joseph, my dragoman, was to come to me with the horses and an Arab groom at five in the morning, and we were to encounter our Bedouins outside the gate of St. Stephen, down the hill, where the road turns, close to the tomb of the Virgin.

I was sitting alone in the public room at the hotel, filling my flask with brandy—for matters of primary importance I never leave to servant, dragoman, or guide—when the waiter entered and said that a gentleman wished to speak with me. The gentleman had not sent in his card or name; but any gentleman was welcome to me in my solitude, and I requested that the gentleman might enter. In appearance the gentleman certainly was a gentleman, for I thought that I had never before seen a young man whose looks were more in his favour, or whose face and gait and outward bearing seemed to betoken better breeding. He might be some twenty or twenty-one years of age, was slight and well made, with very black hair which he wore rather long, very dark long bright eyes, a straight nose, and teeth that were perfectly white. He was dressed throughout in grey tweed clothing, having coat, waistcoat, and trousers of the same; and in his hand he carried a very broad-brimmed straw hat.

"Mr. Jones, I believe," he said, as he bowed to me. Jones is a good travelling name, and if the reader will allow me, I will call myself Jones on the present occasion.

"Yes," I said, pausing with the brandy-bottle in one hand and the flask in the other. "That's my name, I'm Jones. Can I do anything for you, sir?"

"Why, yes, you can," said he. "My name is Smith—John Smith."

"Pray sit down, Mr. Smith," I said, pointing to a chair. "Will you do anything in this way?" and I proposed to hand the bottle to him. "As far as I can judge from a short stay, you won't find much like that in Jerusalem."

He declined the Cognac, however, and immediately began his story. "I hear, Mr. Jones," said he, "that you are going to Moab to-morrow."

"Well," I replied; "I don't know whether I shall cross the water. It's not very easy, I take it, at all times; but I shall certainly get as far as Jordan. Can I do anything for you in those parts?"

And then he explained to me what was the object of his visit. He was quite alone in Jerusalem, as I was myself, and was staying at H——'s hotel. He had heard that I was starting for the Dead Sea, and had called to ask if I objected to his joining me. He had found himself, he said, very lonely; and as he had heard that I also was alone he had ventured to call and make his proposition. He seemed to be very bashful, and half ashamed of what he was doing; and when he had done speaking he declared himself conscious that he was intruding, and

expressed a hope that I would not hesitate to say so if his suggestion were from any cause disagreeable to me.

As a rule I am rather shy of chance travelling English friends. It has so frequently happened to me that I have had to blush for the acquaintances whom I have selected, that I seldom indulge in any close intimacies of this kind. But, nevertheless, I was taken with John Smith, in spite of his name. There was so much about him that was pleasant, both to the eye and to the understanding! One meets constantly with men from contact with whom one revolts without knowing the cause of such dislike. The cut of their beard is displeasing, or the mode in which they walk or speak. But, on the other hand, there are men who are attractive, and I must confess that I was attracted by John Smith at first sight. I hesitated, however, for a minute; for there are sundry things of which it behoves a traveller to think before he can join a companion for such a journey as that which I was about to make. Could the young man rise early, and remain in the saddle for ten hours together? Could he live upon hard-boiled eggs and brandy-and-water? Could he take his chance of a tent under which to sleep, and make himself happy with the bare fact of being in the desert? He saw my hesitation, and attributed it to a cause which was not present in my mind at the moment, though the subject is one of the greatest importance when strangers consent to join themselves together for a time, and agree to become no strangers on the spur of the moment.

"Of course I will take half the expense," said he, absolutely blushing as he mentioned the matter.

"As to that there will be very little. You have your own horse, of course?"

"Oh, yes."

"My dragoman and groom-boy will do for both. But you'll have to pay forty shillings to the Arabs! There's no getting over that. The consul won't even look after your dead body, if you get murdered, without going through that ceremony."

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vent in front of San Sebastian, at both the sieges and storm of San Sebastian, passages of the Bidasson, battle of the Nivelle, battles of the Nive on the 9th and 10th December. He was severely wounded at the last mentioned engagement with the enemy, and also at the siege of San Sebastian. The deceased officer was also with the army of occupation in France, from the capitulation of Paris in 1815 to the end of 1818. For his active services in the field he was honoured with the Companionship of the Order of the Bath, and made a Knight of the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order, and received the silver war medal and eight clasps for his services in the Peninsula. His commissions bore date as follows:—ensign, Aug. 24, 1804; lieutenant, Nov. 1, 1804; captain, April 13, 1809; major, June 21, 1817; lieutenant-colonel, Aug. 15, 1822; colonel, Jan. 10, 1837; major-general, Nov. 9, 1846; and lieutenant-general, June 20, 1854. The gallant general was appointed colonel of the 23rd regiment in May, 1855, on the death of General Sir G. D'Aguilar.

HONOURABLE E. S. PERY.

On Monday, the 31st ult., at Wiesbaden, aged 63, the Honourable Edmund Sexton Pery, third and youngest son of Edmund Henry, first and late Earl of Limerick, and uncle of the present earl, by Alice Mary, only daughter and heir of Henry Ormsby, Esq., of Cloghan, county Mayo. He was born in February, 1797, and married, in 1825, Elizabeth Charlotte, daughter of the late Honourable William Cockayne, brother of the last Viscount Cullen, an Irish peerage, which became extinct on the death of the sixth viscount in July, 1810.

COUNTESS OF EGLINTON.

On Monday, the 31st ult., at Edinburgh, aged 32, the Countess of Eglinton and Winton. Her ladyship was the Lady Adela Caroline Harriet Capel, only daughter of Arthur Algernon, 6th and present Earl of Essex, by the Lady Caroline Jeannetta Beauclerk, daughter of the 8th Duke of St. Alban's. She was born March 4th, 1828, and was married in 1858 to the Earl of Eglinton, while his lordship held the vice-regal dignity in Ireland, under Lord Derby's ministry. Lady Eglinton had given birth to a daughter on the 7th ultimo, and for some time had progressed most favourably, but having caught cold, she relapsed. According to the *North British Daily Mail*, the announcement of the painful bereavement which this highly-esteemed nobleman has sustained will create a feeling of sadness in all circles, and especially in those amongst the poor, as well as the rich, by whom he is best known. Lord Eglinton was first married, in 1841, to Theresa, widow of R. H. Cockerell, Esq., Commander, R.N., who died very suddenly in 1853, shortly after the termination of his lordship's former vice-royalty. By his first wife he had three sons and a daughter; and by his second countess two daughters, one born in August, 1859, and the other a few weeks only before her mother's death.

LADY HALES.

On Saturday, the 22nd ult., at her residence, 54, Montagu-square, Lady Hales, relict of the late Sir Edward Hales, Bart., of Hales-place, Kent, in her 90th year. The deceased lady was Lucy, second daughter of the late Henry Darell, Esq., of Cale Hill, Kent, by Elizabeth, second daughter of Sir Thomas Rokewood Gage, fifth baronet, of Hengrave Hall, Suffolk. She was born in 1771, and married in 1789 Sir Edward Hales, Bart., of Hales-place, near Canterbury, and of Woodchurch and Tunstall, Kent, a Roman Catholic gentleman of high standing and large fortune, but was left a widow without issue in 1829, when his title, which was one of the very first created by James I. in 1611, became extinct. The first baronet was grandnephew of Sir James Hales, one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas in the reign of Henry VIII. The third baronet, Sir Edward, espoused the cause of James II., and was created by that sovereign Earl of Tenterden, after his abdication: but the title has not been recognized. His son and successor, Sir John, grandfather of the husband of Lady Hales, was offered a peerage by George I., on condition of abandoning all claim to the earldom conferred on his father, but declined to accept it on such terms. Lady Hales herself was a Roman Catholic, and her name was known far and wide among those of her religion for her great charities.

LADY HORNBY.

On Tuesday, the 25th ult., at Little Green, Sussex, aged 76, Lady Hornby, widow of Admiral Sir Phipps Hornby, K.C.B. The deceased lady was Mary Sophia, daughter of the late Lieut.-General John Burgoyne, whose American services are recorded in history, and sister of General Sir John Burgoyne, Bart., of the Royal Engineers. In 1814, she married her husband, who is the fifth son of the late Rev. George Hornby, formerly Rector of Winwick, co. Lancaster, and cousin of the late Earl of Derby, by whom she had issue the late Capt. Phipps John Hornby, R.E.; Capt. Geoffrey Phipps Hornby, R.N.; and Mr. John James Hornby, Fellow of University College, Oxford; and also five daughters, of whom the eldest is married to Col. Sir W. Denison, K.C.B., Governor of Ceylon.

DOWAGER LADY CLIFTON.

On Thursday, the 20th ult., at her residence in Bruton-street, Lady Clifton, widow of the late Sir Jukes Granville Jukes Clifton, Bart., of Clifton, Notts. The deceased lady was Marianne, daughter of the late John Swinfen, Esq., of Swinfen, co. Stafford, and married in 1812, as his second wife, the 8th baronet of that name, by whom she had issue an only son, the 9th and present baronet, and an only daughter, the wife of Sir Henry Hervey Bruce, Bart., of Downhill, co. Londonderry, but was left a widow in October, 1852.

LADY E. NEEDHAM.

On Tuesday, the 25th ult., the Lady Emily Needham, of Datchet House, Bucks aged 69. The deceased lady was the third daughter of the late Earl of Kilmorey (who died in 1832), by Anne, daughter of Thomas Fisher, Esq., and sister of the present Earl. She was born April 6th, 1791, and lived and died unmarried. The families of Lord Kilmorey, Lady Newry, Lord Colville, the Hon. and Rev. H. C. Cust, the Earl of Ranfurly, General Higginson, and other noble and distinguished families, are placed in mourning by her ladyship's decease.

THE BAT AND THE RAT.—A SAMOAN FABLE.—They say that the rat had wings formerly, and that the bat at that time had no wings. One day the bat said to the rat, "Just let me try on your wings for a while, that I may see how I like flying." The rat lent the bat his wings. Off flew the bat with the wings, and never came back with them again. This fable is quite a proverb, and often applied to a person who borrows a thing and does not return it.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

John Ashley Warre, Esq., M.P., F.R.S., of West Cliff House, Ramsgate, and of Lowndes-square, Knightsbridge, died on the 18th of November last, at West Cliff, aged 73, having made his will on the 3rd of February preceding his death, appointing as his executors his relict, his son, John Henry Warre, Esq., and Pascoe St. Ledger Grenfell, Esq., who proved the same in the London court, on the 26th of December. The personalty was sworn under £120,000. This large amount of property, together with his real estates, he has devised entirely amongst his family, with the exception of a few legacies,—one of which is of a charitable nature, and the others are bequests to the servants of his establishment. To his relict there are many bequests, besides an annuity of £540, his residence, furniture, carriages, &c. This lady is also amply provided for under her marriage settlement. To his eldest son he devises his freehold estates of inheritance, at Fitzpaine, Somerset, as well as his leasehold and certain other estates. Two silver-gilt cups, which had been bequeathed to him, he directs that they may descend as heirlooms with these estates. To his second son he has bequeathed his estates at Taunton and Ashton-under-Lyne; and to his third son he leaves his estates in Herts, and his property at Oporto. For his daughter he has made ample provision under his marriage settlement and otherwise. There are several other bequests bestowed upon his children, but the eldest son takes the residue. The charitable bequest above alluded to, is that of the sum of £1,000 to the infant schools which the testator erected at St. Lawrence, Ramsgate. This gentleman possessed much influence in the locality in which he resided. He was deputy-Lieutenant and a magistrate for the county of Kent, and had represented in Parliament, successively, Lostwithiel, Taunton, and Hastings, from 1812 to 1834, and was M.P. for Ripon from 1857 up to the period of his decease.

Elizabeth, Comtesse de Chatauvillard, wife of Alfred Louis de Blance, Comte de Chatauvillard, formerly of Dieppe, but late of Enghien, both in France, who died at the latter place on the 4th of July last, having made her will in this country, dated the 25th of May, 1854, and a codicil whilst residing in France, and dated the 8th of December, 1857: both documents are written in the English language. Her ladyship was possessed of property in England and Ireland under marriage settlement in 1854, as well as under the will of her late father, Robert Beeby, Esq., whose will was proved in Ireland in 1828. Her ladyship's effects in this country were sworn under £7,000, and a limited probate was granted by the London Court on the 27th of December last to the property in England, which was administered to by the executors, Charles Earle, Esq., of "The Firs," Leamington, Warwick, and Thomas Young, Esq., of Sackville-street, Westminster. Her ladyship gives her entire property, with one exception of an annuity of £50 to a personal friend, to her son and daughter, the latter being the wife of Baron Camille du Port d'Alis. It is a singular circumstance, that both mother and daughter should have married French noblemen, a pretty intelligible instance that our fair countrywomen possess great attractions, and as such are both justly and highly estimated by our foreign neighbours.

Archibald Campbell Barclay, Esq., of Fitzroy-square, London, who died at his residence on the 24th of June last, had executed his will bearing date the 9th of September, 1853, in which he had appointed as his executors his relict Jane Elizabeth Barclay, and his brother-in-law, Edmond Sheppard Symes, Esq., M.D., of 77, Lower Grosvenor Street, who duly proved the will in the principal registry on the 31st of last month. The will is exceedingly brief, being written on one side of paper, and disposes of the whole of his property to his relict absolutely.

John Green Paley, Esq., formerly of Bowling Hall, near Bradford, Yorkshire, and late of Oatlands, near Harrowgate, died on the 9th of October last, leaving personal property which was sworn under £250,000, having made his will in 1859, with three codicils, all dated during the past year, which were proved in London on the 24th of last month, by the executors, the Rev. George Baker Paley, B.D., Rector of Freckenham, Suffolk (the eldest son), John Dury, Esq., of Birstwith, York, and Raymond South Paley, Esq., the grandson of the testator. This gentleman, who seems to have amassed a very large fortune, has left it entirely amongst his family, consisting of four children, one son and three daughters. The testator had another son, but who died recently, leaving a family. To the children of this deceased son he leaves a sum of £14,000, together with a moiety of the residue; to his eldest son he devises his estates at Langcliffe and Kirkby Malham, in Craven, with certain other estates, and the presentation to the church the testator erected at Langcliffe; and has directed that all his other estates, manors, lordships, collieries, mines, shares, &c., shall be divided between his eldest son and his deceased son's children. The testator's three daughters he has otherwise very amply provided for; and has left an annuity of £20 to his servant, Ann Shiells.

Thomas Thornton, Esq., of Brunswick-square, Brighton, died on the 9th of December last, possessed of personalty to the amount of £200,000. His will bears date the 5th of September, 1855, and was attested by John Coles Symes, solicitor, Fenchurch-street, and Jos. Thurgood, of Hove. Probate was granted on the 21st of December last, by the London Court to Lieutenant-Colonel George Thornton, E.I.C. (the brother), Henry S. Welch, and Alfred B. Welch, Esqs. (the nephews), and Henry J. Thornton, Esq., the cousin of the testator. The will, which is of considerable length, involves a great variety of bequests. The bulk of the testator's property is bequeathed to his two sisters, to his brother, the colonel, and to his two nephews and neice. To his unmarried sister, who resided with him, Mr. Thornton has bequeathed a handsome life provision, together with the residence at Brighton, the furniture, carriages, and other effects; she also shares with her sister, Mrs. Welch, and their brother, Colonel Thornton, in a life-interest in the residue which forms the greater portion of the testator's estate. On the decease of the two sisters and brother, the testator directs the property to be divided equally between his two nephews, Henry and Alfred Welch, and his niece, Mrs. Clark, to each of whom also an immediate legacy of £10,000 is bequeathed. Mr. Thornton, who was the possessor of various specimens of curiosities in birds, shells, and natural history, has left these collections, together with his library, to his two nephews. It will be great injustice to the memory of Mr. Thornton to omit to state his liberal contributions to ten of our public charitable institutions, to each of which he leaves the sum of £400. They are as follows: the King's College Hospital, Deaf and Dumb Asylum, Indigent Blind Institution, Philanthropic Society, Governesses Benevolent Institution, London Orphan Asylum, Merchant Seamen's Orphan Asylum, Sussex County Hospital, Brighton Infirmary, and the Asylum for Idiots, Reigate.

THE BANKS OF THE JORDAN.

THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF ORIGINAL STORIES

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE, ESQ.,

Author of "Framley Parsonage," "Barchester Towers," &c.

To be followed by "MRS. GENERAL TALBOYS; or, English Life in Rome."

CIRCUMSTANCES took me to the Holy Land without a companion, and compelled me to visit Bethany, the Mount of Olives, and the Church of the Sepulchre alone. I acknowledge myself to be a gregarious animal, or, perhaps, rather one of those which Nature has intended to go in pairs. At any rate I dislike solitude, and especially travelling solitude, and was, therefore, rather sad at heart as I sat one night at Z——'s hotel, in Jerusalem, thinking over my proposed wanderings for the next few days. Early on the following morning I intended to start, of course on horseback, for the Dead Sea, the banks of Jordan, Jericho, and those mountains of the wilderness through which it is supposed that Our Saviour wandered for the forty days when the devil tempted him. I would then return to the Holy City, and remaining only long enough to refresh my horse and wipe the dust from my hands and feet, I would start again for Jaffa, and there catch a certain Austrian steamer which would take me to Egypt. Such was my programme, and I confess that I was but ill contented with it, seeing that I was to be alone during the time.

I had already made all my arrangements, and though I had no reason for any doubt as to my personal security during the trip, I did not feel altogether satisfied with them. I intended to take a French guide, or dragoman, who had been with me for some days, and to put myself under the peculiar guardianship of two Bedouin Arabs, who were to accompany me as long as I should remain east of Jerusalem. This travelling through the desert under the protection of Bedouins was, in idea, pleasant enough; and I must here declare that I did not at all begrudge the forty shillings which I was told by our British consul that I must pay them for their trouble, in accordance with the established tariff. But I did begrudge the fact of the tariff. I would rather have fallen in with my friendly Arabs, as it were by chance, and have rewarded their fidelity at the end of our joint journeyings by a donation of piastres to be settled by myself, and which, under such circumstances, would certainly have been as agreeable to them as the stipulated sum. In the same way I dislike having waiters put down in my bill. I find that I pay them twice over, and thus lose money; and as they do not expect to be so treated, I never have the advantage of their civility. The world, I fear, is becoming too fond of tariffs.

"A tariff!" said I to the consul, feeling that the whole romance of my expedition would be dissipated by such an arrangement. "Then I'll go alone; I'll take a revolver with me."

"You can't do it, sir," said the consul, in a dry and somewhat angry tone. "You have no more right to ride through that country without paying the regular price for protection than you have to stop in Z——'s hotel without settling the bill."

I could not contest the point, so I ordered my Bedouins for the appointed day, exactly as I would send for a ticket-porter at home, and determined to make the best of it. The wild unlimited sands, the desolation of the Dead Sea, the rushing waters of Jordan, the outlines of the mountains of Moab—those things the consular tariff could not alter, nor deprive of the glories of their association.

I had submitted, and the arrangements had been made. Joseph, my dragoman, was to come to me with the horses and an Arab groom at five in the morning, and we were to encounter our Bedouins outside the gate of St. Stephen, down the hill, where the road turns, close to the tomb of the Virgin.

I was sitting alone in the public room at the hotel, filling my flask with brandy—for matters of primary importance I never leave to servant, dragoman, or guide—when the waiter entered and said that a gentleman wished to speak with me. The gentleman had not sent in his card or name; but any gentleman was welcome to me in my solitude, and I requested that the gentleman might enter. In appearance the gentleman certainly was a gentleman, for I thought that I had never before seen a young man whose looks were more in his favour, or whose face and gait and outward bearing seemed to betoken better breeding. He might be some twenty or twenty-one years of age, was slight and well made, with very black hair which he wore rather long, very dark long bright eyes, a straight nose, and teeth that were perfectly white. He was dressed throughout in grey tweed clothing, having coat, waistcoat, and trousers of the same; and in his hand he carried a very broad-brimmed straw hat.

"Mr. Jones, I believe," he said, as he bowed to me. Jones is a good travelling name, and if the reader will allow me, I will call myself Jones on the present occasion.

"Yes," I said, passing with the brandy-bottle in one hand and the flask in the other. "That's my name;—I'm Jones. Can I do anything for you, sir?"

"Why, yes, you can," said he. "My name is Smith—John Smith."

"Pray sit down, Mr. Smith," I said, pointing to a chair. "Will you do anything in this way?" and I proposed to hand the bottle to him. "As far as I can judge from a short stay, you won't find much like that in Jerusalem."

He declined the Cognac, however, and immediately began his story. "I hear, Mr. Jones," said he, "that you are going to Moab to-morrow."

"Well," I replied; "I don't know whether I shall cross the water. It's not very easy, I take it, at all times; but I shall certainly get as far as Jordan. Can I do anything for you in those parts?"

And then he explained to me what was the object of his visit. He was quite alone in Jerusalem, as I was myself, and was staying at H——'s hotel. He had heard that I was starting for the Dead Sea, and had called to ask if I objected to his joining me. He had found himself, he said, very lonely; and as he had heard that I also was alone he had ventured to call and make his proposition. He seemed to be very bashful, and half ashamed of what he was doing; and when he had done speaking he declared himself conscious that he was intruding, and

expressed a hope that I would not hesitate to say so if his suggestion were from any cause disagreeable to me.

As a rule I am rather shy of chance travelling English friends. It has so frequently happened to me that I have had to blush for the acquaintances whom I have selected, that I seldom indulge in any close intimacies of this kind. But, nevertheless, I was taken with John Smith, in spite of his name. There was so much about him that was pleasant, both to the eye and to the understanding! One meets constantly with men from contact with whom one revolts without knowing the cause of such dislike. The cut of their beard is displeasing, or the mode in which they walk or speak. But, on the other hand, there are men who are attractive, and I must confess that I was attracted by John Smith at first sight. I hesitated, however, for a minute; for there are sundry things of which it behoves a traveller to think before he can join a companion for such a journey as that which I was about to make. Could the young man rise early, and remain in the saddle for ten hours together? Could he live upon hard-boiled eggs and brandy-and-water? Could he take his chance of a tent under which to sleep, and make himself happy with the bare fact of being in the desert? He saw my hesitation, and attributed it to a cause which was not present in my mind at the moment, though the subject is one of the greatest importance when strangers consent to join themselves together for a time, and agree to become no strangers on the spur of the moment.

"Of course I will take half the expense," said he, absolutely blushing as he mentioned the matter.

"As to that there will be very little. You have your own horse, of course?"

"Oh, yes."

"My dragoman and groom-boy will do for both. But you'll have to pay forty shillings to the Arabs! There's no getting over that. The consul won't even look after your dead body, if you get murdered, without going through that ceremony."

Mr. Smith immediately produced his purse which he tendered to me. "If you will manage it all," said he, "it will make it so much the easier, and I shall be infinitely obliged to you." This of course I declined to do. I had no business with his purse, and explained to him that if we went together we could settle that on our return to Jerusalem. "But could he go through really hard work?" I asked. He answered me with an assurance that he would and could do anything in that way that it was possible for man to perform. As for eating and drinking he cared nothing about it, and would undertake to be astir at any hour of the morning that might be named. As for sleeping accommodation, he did not care if he kept his clothes on for a week together. He looked slight and weak; but he spoke so well, and that without boasting, that I ultimately agreed to his proposal, and in a few minutes he took his leave of me, promising to be at Z——'s door with his horse at five o'clock on the following morning.

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"I cannot think of it. There is no possible occasion for it," I said again. "If there is anything to pay I'll ask you for it when the journey is over. That forty shillings you must fork out. It's a law of the Medes and Persians."

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"Because," he added, "strangers, I know, are sometimes suspicious about money; and I would not, for worlds, have you think that I would put you to expense." I assured him that I did not think so, and then the subject was dropped.

He was, at any rate, up to his time, for when I came down on the following morning I found him in the narrow street, the first on horseback. Joseph, the Frenchman, was strapping on to a rough pony our belongings, and was staring at Mr. Smith. My new friend, unfortunately could not speak a word of French, and therefore I had to explain to the dragoman how it had come to pass that our party was to be enlarged.

"But the Bedouins will expect full pay for both," said he, alarmed. "Men in that class, and especially Orientals, always think that every arrangement of life, let it be made in what way it will, is made with the intention of saving some expense or cheating somebody out of some amount of money. They do not understand that men can have any other object, and are ever on their guard lest the saving should be made at their cost, or lest they should be the victims of the fraud."

"All right," said I.

"I shall be responsible, Monsieur," said the dragoman piteously.

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"I ought to have brought these things for myself," said Smith, quite unhappy at finding that he had thrown on me the necessity of catering for him. But I laughed at him, saying that it was nothing; he should do as much for me another time. I am prepared to own that I do not willingly rush upstairs and load myself with blankets out of strange rooms for men whom I do not know; nor, as a rule, do I make all the Smiths of the world free of my canteen. But, with reference to this fellow I did feel more than ordinarily goodnatured and unselfish. There was something in the tone of his voice which was satisfactory; and I should really have felt vexed had anything occurred at the last moment to prevent his going with me.

Let it be a rule with every man to carry an English saddle with him when travelling in the East. Of what material is formed the nether man of a Turk I have never been informed, but I am sure that it is not flesh and blood. No flesh and blood—simply flesh and blood—could withstand the wear and tear of a

Turkish saddle. This being the case, and the consequences being well known to me, I was grieved to find that Smith was not properly provided. He was seated in one of those hard, red, high-pointed machines, to which the shovels intended to act as stirrups are attached in such a manner, and hang at such an angle, as to be absolutely destructive to the leg of a Christian. There is no part of the Christian body with which the Turkish saddle comes in contact that does not become more or less macerated. I have sat in one for days, but I left it a flayed man; and therefore I was sorry for Smith.

I explained this to him, taking hold of his leg by the calf to show how the leather would chafe him; but it seemed to me that he did not quite like my interference. "Never mind," said he, twitching his leg away, "I have ridden in this way before."

"Then you must have suffered the very mischief?"

"Only a little, and I shall be used to it now. You will not hear me complain."

"By heavens, you might have heard me complain a mile off when I came to the end of a journey I once took. I roared like a bull when I began to cool. Joseph, could you not get a European saddle for Mr. Smith?" But Joseph did not seem to like Mr. Smith, and declared such a thing to be impossible. No European in Jerusalem would think of lending so precious an article, except to a very dear friend. Joseph himself was on an English saddle, and I made up my mind that after the first stage we would bribe him to make an exchange. And then we started. The Bedouins were not with us, but we were to meet them, as I have said before, outside St. Stephen's gate; "And if they are not there," said Joseph, "we shall be sure to come across them on the road."

"Not there!" said I. "How about the Consul's tariff if they don't keep their part of the engagement?" But Joseph explained to me that their part of the engagement really amounted to this,—that we should ride into their country without molestation, provided that such and such payments were made.

It was the period of Easter and Jerusalem was full of pilgrims. Even at that early hour of the morning we could hardly make our way through the narrow streets. It must be understood that there is no accommodation in the town for the fourteen or fifteen thousand strangers who flock to the Holy Sepulchre at this period of the year. Many of them sleep out in the open air, lying on low benches which run along the outside walls of the houses, or even on the ground, wrapped in their thick hoods and cloaks. Slumberers such as these are easily disturbed, nor are they detained long at their toilets. They shake themselves like dogs, and growl and stretch themselves, and then they are ready for the day.

We rode out of the town in a long file. First went the groom-boy; I forget his proper Syrian appellation, but we used to call him Muckery, that sound being in some sort like the name. Then followed the horse with the forage and blankets, and next to him my friend Smith in the Turkish saddle. I was behind him and Joseph brought up the rear. We moved slowly down the Via Dolorosa, noting the spot at which our Saviour is said to have fallen while bearing his cross; we passed by Pilate's house, and paused at the gate of the Temple—the gate which once was beautiful,—looking down into the hole of the pool in which the maimed and halt were healed whenever the waters moved. What names they are! And yet there at Jerusalem they are bandied to and fro with as little reverence as are the fanciful appellations given by guides to rocks and stones and little lakes in all countries overrun by tourists.

"For those who would still fain believe,—let them stay at home," said my friend Smith.

"For those who cannot divide the wheat from the chaff, let them stay at home," I answered. And then we rode out through St. Stephen's gate, having the mountain of the men of Galilee directly before us, and the Mount of Olives a little to our right, and the Valley of Jehoshaphat lying between us and it. "Of course you know all these places now," said Smith. I answered that I did know them well. "And was it not better for you when you knew them only in holy writ?" he asked.

"No, by Jove," said I. "The mountains stand where they ever stood. The same valleys are still green with the morning dew, and the water-courses are unchanged. The children of Mahomet may build their tawdry temple on the threshing-floor which David bought that there might stand the Lord's house. Man may undo what man did, even though the doer was Solomon. But here we have God's handywork and his own evidences."

At the bottom of the steep descent from the city gate we came to the tomb of the Virgin; and by special agreement made with Joseph we left our horses here for a few moments, in order that we might descend into the subterranean chapel under the tomb, in which mass was at this moment being said. There is something awful in that chapel, when, as at the present moment, it is crowded with Eastern worshippers from the very altar up to the top of the dark steps by which the descent is made. It must be remembered that Eastern worshippers are not like the churchgoers of London, or even of Rome or Cologne. They are wild men of various nations and races—Maronites from Lebanon, Roumelians, Candiotas, Copts from Upper Egypt, Russians from the Crimea, Armenians and Abyssinians. They savour strongly of Oriental life and of Oriental dirt. They are clad in skins or hairy cloaks with huge hoods. Their heads are shaved, and their faces covered with short, grisly, fierce beards. They are silent mostly, looking out of their eyes ferociously, as though murder were in their thoughts, and rapine. But they never slouch, or cringe in their bodies, or shuffle in their gait. Dirty, fierce-looking, uncouth, repellent as they are, there is always about them a something of personal dignity which is not compatible with an Englishman's ordinary hat and pantaloons.

As we were about to descend, preparing to make our way through the crowd, Smith took hold of my arm. "That will never do, my dear fellow," said I, "the job will be tough enough for a single file, but we should never cut our way two and two. I'm broad-shouldered and will go first." So I did, and gradually we worked our way into the body of the chapel. How is it that Englishmen can push themselves anywhere? These men were fierce-looking, and had murder and rapine, as I have said, almost in their eyes. One would have supposed that

they were not lambs or doves, capable of being thrust here or there without anger on their part; and they, too, were all anxious to descend and approach the altar. Yet we did win our way through them, and apparently no man was angry with us. I doubt, after all, whether a ferocious eye and a strong smell and dirt are so efficacious in creating awe and obedience in others as an open brow and traces of soap and water. I know this, at least,—that a dirty Maronite would make very little progress if he attempted to shove his way unfairly through a crowd of Englishmen at the door of a London theatre. We did shove unfairly, and we did make progress, till we found ourselves in the centre of the dense crowd collected in the body of the chapel.

Having got so far our next object was to get out again. The place was dark, mysterious, and full of strange odours; but darkness, mystery, and strange odours soon lose their charms when men have much work before them. Joseph had made a point of being allowed to attend mass before the altar of the Virgin, but a very few minutes sufficed for his prayers. So we again turned round and pushed our way back again, Smith still following in my wake. The men who had let us pass once let us pass again without opposition or show of anger. To them the occasion was very holy. They were stretching out their hands in every direction, with long tapers, in order that they might obtain a spark of the sacred fire which was burning on one of the altars. As we made our way out we passed many who, with dumb motions, begged us to assist them in their object; and we did assist them, getting lights for their tapers, handing them to and fro, and using the authority with which we seemed to be invested. But Smith, I observed, was much more courteous in this way to the women than to the men, as I did not forget to remind him when we were afterwards on our road together.

Remounting our horses, we rode slowly up the winding ascent of the Mount of Olives, turning round at the brow of the hill to look back over Jerusalem. Sometimes, I think, that of all spots in the world this one should be the spot most cherished in the memory of Christians. It was there that He stood when He wept over the city. So much we do know, though we are ignorant, and ever shall be so, of the site of His cross and of the tomb. And then we descended on the eastern side of the hill, passing through Bethany, the town of Lazarus and his sisters, and turned our faces steadily towards the mountains of Moab.

Hitherto we had met no Bedouins, and I interrogated my dragoman about them more than once. But he always told me that it did not signify; we should meet them, he said, before any danger could arise. "As for danger," said I, "I think more of this than I do of the Arabs," and I put my hand on my revolver. "But as they agreed to be here, here they ought to be. Don't you carry a revolver, Smith?"

Smith said that he never had done so, but that he would take the charge of mine if I liked. To this, however, I demurred. "I never part with my pistol to any one," I said, rather drily. But he explained that he only intended to signify that if there were danger to be encountered, he would be glad to encounter it; and I fully believed him. "We shan't have much fighting," I replied; "but if there be any, the tool will come readiest to the hand of its master. But if you mean to remain here long I would advise you to get one. These Orientals are a people with whom appearances go a long way, and, as a rule, fear and respect mean the same thing with them. A pistol hanging over your loins is no great trouble to you, and looks as though you could bite. Many a dog goes through the world well by merely showing his teeth."

And then my companion began to talk of himself. "He did not," he said, mean to remain in Syria very long."

"Nor I either," said I. "I have done with this part of the world for the present, and shall take the next steamer from Jaffa for Alexandria. I shall only have one night in Jerusalem on my return."

After this he remained silent for a few moments, and then declared that that also had been his intention. He was almost ashamed to say so, however, because it looked as though he had resolved to hook himself on to me. So he answered, expressing almost regret at the circumstance.

"Don't let that trouble you," said I. "I shall be delighted to have your company. When you know me better, as I hope you will do, you will find that if such were not the case, I should tell you so as frankly. I shall remain in Cairo some little time; so that beyond our arrival in Egypt, I can answer for nothing."

He said that he expected letters at Alexandria which would govern his future movements. I thought he seemed sad as he said so, and imagined, from his manner, that he did not expect very happy tidings. Indeed, I had made up my mind that he was by no means free from care or sorrow. He had not the air of a man who could say of himself that he was "totus teres atque rotundus." But I had no wish to inquire, and the matter would have dropped had he not himself added—"I fear that I shall meet acquaintances in Egypt whom it will give me no pleasure to see."

"Then," said I, "if I were you, I would go to Constantinople instead—indeed, anywhere rather than fall among friends who are not friendly. And the nearer the friend is, the more one feels that sort of thing. To my way of thinking there is nothing on earth so pleasant as a pleasant wife; but then, what is there so damnable as one that is unpleasant?"

"Are you a married man?" he inquired. All his questions were put in a low tone of voice which seemed to give to them an air of special interest, and made one almost feel that they were asked with some special view to one's individual welfare. Now the fact is that I am a married man with a family; but I am not much given to talk to strangers about my domestic concerns, and therefore, though I had no particular object in view, I denied my obligations in this respect. "No," said I; "I have not come to that promotion yet. I am too frequently on the move to write myself down as Paterfamilias."

"Then you know nothing about that pleasantness of which you spoke just now?"

"Nor of the unpleasantness, thank God; my personal experiences are all to come,—as also are yours, I presume?"

It was possible that he had hampered himself with some woman, and that she was to meet him at Alexandria. Poor fellow! thought I. But his unhappiness was not of that kind. "No," said he; "I am not married; I am all alone in the world."

"Then I certainly would not allow myself to be troubled by unpleasant acquaintances."

It was now four hours since we had left Jerusalem, and we had arrived at the place at which it was proposed that we should breakfast. There was a large well there, and shade afforded by a rock under which the water sprung; and the Arabs had constructed a tank out of which the horses could drink, so that the place was ordinarily known as the first stage out of Jerusalem.

Smith had said not a word about his saddle, or complained in any way of discomfort, so that I had in truth forgotten the subject. Other matters had continually presented themselves, and I had never even asked him how he had fared. I now jumped from my horse, but I perceived at once that he was unable to do so. He smiled faintly, as his eye caught mine, but I knew that he wanted assistance. "Ah," said I, "that confounded Turkish saddle has already galled your skin. I see how it is: I shall have to doctor you with a little brandy—externally applied, my friend. But I lent him my shoulder, and with that assistance he got down, very gently and slowly."

We eat our breakfast with a good will: bread and cold fowl and brandy-and-water, with a hard boiled egg by way of a final delicacy; and then I began to bargain with Joseph for the loan of his English saddle. I saw that Smith could not get through the journey with that monstrous Turkish affair, and that he would go on without complaining till he fainted or came to some other signal grief. But the Frenchman, seeing the plight in which we were, was disposed to drive a very hard bargain. He wanted forty shillings the price of a pair of live Bedouins, for the accommodation, and declared that, even then, he should make the sacrifice only out of consideration to me.

"Very well," said I. "I'm tolerably tough myself, and I'll change with the gentleman. The chances are that I shall not be in a very liberal humor when I reach Jaffa with stiff limbs and a sore skin. I have a very good memory, Joseph."

"I'll take thirty shillings, Mr. Jones; though I shall have to groan all the way like a condemned devil."

I struck a bargain with him at last for five-and-twenty, and set him to work to make the necessary change on the horses. "It will be just the same thing to him," I said to Jones. "I find that he is as much used to one as to the other."

"But how much money are you to pay him?" he asked. "Oh, nothing," I replied. "Give him a few piastres when you part with him at Jaffa." I do not know why I should have felt thus inclined to pay money out of my pocket for this Smith—a man whom I had only seen for the first time on the preceding evening, and whose temperament was so essentially different from my own; but so I did. I would have done almost anything in reason for his comfort; and yet he was a melancholy fellow, with good inward pluck as I believed, but without that outward show of dash and hardihood which I confess I love to see. "Pray tell him that I'll pay him for it," said he. "We'll make that all right," I answered; and then we remounted—not without some difficulty on his part. "You should have let me rub in that brandy," I said. "You can't conceive how efficaciously I would have done it." But he made me no answer.

At noon we met a caravan of pilgrims coming up from Jordan. There might be some three or four hundred, but the number seemed to be treble that from the loose and straggling line in which they journeyed. It was a very singular sight, as they moved slowly along the narrow path through the sand, coming out of a defile among the hills which was perhaps a quarter of a mile in front of us, passing us as we stood still by the wayside, and then winding again out of sight on the track over which we had come. Some rode on camels—a whole family, in many cases, being perched on the same animal. I observed a very old man and a very old woman slung in panniers over a camel's back—not such panniers as might be befitting such a purpose, but square baskets, so that the heads and heels of each of the old couple hung out to the rear and front. "Surely the journey will be their death," I said to Joseph. "Yes, it will," he replied, quite coolly; "but what matters how soon they die now that they have bathed in Jordan?" Very many rode on donkeys; two, generally, on each donkey; others, who had command of money, on horses; but the greater number walked, toiling painfully from Jerusalem to Jericho on the first day, sleeping there in tents and going to bathe in Jordan on the second day, and then returning from Jericho to Jerusalem on the third. The pilgrimage is made throughout in accordance with fixed rules, and there is a tariff for the tent accommodation at Jericho—so much per head per night, including the use of hot water.

Standing there, close by the wayside, we could see not only the garments and faces of these strange people, but we could watch their gestures and form some opinion of what was going on within their thoughts. They were much quieter, tamer, as it were,—than Englishmen would be under such circumstances. Those who were carried seemed to sit on their beasts in passive tranquillity, neither enjoying anything or suffering anything. Their object had been to wash in Jordan,—to do that once in their lives;—and they had washed in Jordan. The benefit expected was not to be immediately spiritual. No earnest prayerfulness was considered necessary after the ceremony. To these members of the Greek Christian Church it had been handed down from father to son that washing in Jordan once during life was efficacious towards salvation. And therefore the journey had been made at terrible cost and terrible risk; for these people had come from afar, and were from their habits but little capable of long journeys. Many die under the toil; but this matters not if they do not die before they have reached Jordan. Some few there are, undoubtedly, more ecstatic in this great deed of their religion. One man I especially noticed on this day. He had bound himself to make the pilgrimage from Jerusalem to the river with one foot bare. He was of a better class, and was even nobly dressed, as though it were a part of his vow to show to all men that he did this deed, wealthy and great though he

was. He was a fine man, perhaps thirty years of age, with a well-grown beard descending on his breast, and at his girdle he carried a brace of pistols. But never in my life had I seen bodily pain so plainly written in a man's face. The sweat was falling from his brow, and his eyes were strained and bloodshot with agony. He had no stick, his vow, I presume, debarring him from such assistance, and he limped along, putting to the ground the heel of the unprotected foot. I could see it, and it was a mass of blood, and sores, and broken skin. An Irish girl would walk from Jerusalem to Jericho without shoes, and be not a penny the worse for it. This poor fellow clearly suffered so much that I was almost inclined to think that in the performance of his penance he had done something to aggravate his pain. Those around him paid no attention to him, and the dragoman seemed to think nothing of the affair whatever. "Those fools of Greeks do not understand the Christian religion," he said, being himself a Latin or Roman Catholic.

At the tail of the line we encountered two Bedouins, who were in charge of the caravan, and Joseph at once addressed them. The men were mounted, one on a very sorry-looking jade, but the other on a good stout Arab barb. They had guns slung behind their backs, coloured handkerchiefs on their heads, and they wore the striped bernouse. The parley went on for about ten minutes, during which the procession of pilgrims wound out of sight; and it ended in our being accompanied by the two Arabs, who thus left their greater charge to take care of itself back to the city. I understood afterwards that they had endeavoured to persuade Joseph that we might just as well go on alone, merely satisfying the demand of the tariff. But he had pointed out that I was a particular man, and that under such circumstances the final settlement might be doubtful. So they turned and accompanied us; but, as a matter of fact, we should have been as well without them.

The sun was beginning to fall in the heavens when we reached the actual margin of the Dead Sea. We had seen the glitter of its still waters for a long time previously, shining under the sun as though it were not real. We have often heard, and some of us have seen, how effects of light and shade together will produce so vivid an appearance of water where there is no water, as to deceive the most experienced. But the reverse was the case here. There was the lake, and there it had been before our eyes for the last two hours; and yet it looked, then and now, as though it were an image of a lake and not real water. I had long since made up my mind to bathe in it, feeling well convinced that I could do so without harm to myself, and I had been endeavouring to persuade Smith to accompany me; but he positively refused. He would bathe, he said, neither in the Dead Sea nor in the river Jordan. He did not like bathing, and preferred to do his washing in his own room. Of course I had nothing further to say, and begged that, under these circumstances, he would take charge of my purse and pistols while I was in the water. This he agreed to do; but even in this he was strange and almost uncivil. I was to bathe from the furthest point of a little island, into which there was a rough causeway from the land made of stones and broken pieces of wood, and I exhorted him to go with me thither; but he insisted on remaining with his horse on the mainland, at some little distance from the island. He did not feel inclined to go down to the water's edge, he said.

I confess that at this I almost suspected that he was going to play me foul, and I hesitated. He saw in an instant what was passing through my mind. "You had better take your pistol and money with you. They will be quite safe on your clothes." But to have kept the things now would have shown suspicion too plainly, and as I could not bring myself to do that, I gave them up. I have sometimes thought that I was a fool to do so.

I went away by myself to the end of the island, and then I did bathe. It is impossible to conceive anything more desolate than the appearance of the place. The land shelves very gradually away to the water, and the whole margin, to the breadth of some twenty or thirty feet, is strewn with a *débris* of rushes, bits of timber, and old white withered reeds. Whence these bits of timber have come it seems to difficult to say. The appearance is as though the water had receded and left them there. I have heard it said that there is no vegetation near the Dead Sea; but such is not the case, for these rushes do grow on the bank. I found it difficult enough to get into the water, for the ground shelves down very slowly, and is rough with stones and large pieces of half-rotten wood; moreover, when I was in nearly up to my hips, the water knocked me down. Indeed, it did so when I had gone as far as my knees, but I recovered myself, and by perseverance did proceed somewhat further. It must not be imagined that this knocking down was effected by the movement of the water. There is no such movement. Everything is perfectly still, and the fluid seems hardly to be displaced by the entrance of the body. But the effect is that one's feet are tripped up, and that one falls prostrate on to the surface. The water is so strong and buoyant, that, when above a foot in depth has to be encountered, the strength and weight of the bather are not sufficient to keep down his feet and legs. I then essayed to swim; but I could not do this in the ordinary way, as I was unable to keep enough of my body below the surface; so that my head and face seemed to be propelled down upon it. I turned round and floated, but the glare of the sun was so powerful that I could not remain long in that position. However, I had bathed in the Dead Sea, and was so far satisfied.

Anything more abominable to the palate than this water, if it be water, I never had inside my mouth. I expected it to be extremely salt, and no doubt, if it were analyzed, such would be the result; but there is a flavor in it which kills the salt. No attempt can be made at describing this taste. It may be imagined that I did not drink heartily, merely taking up a drop or two with my tongue from the palm of my hand; but it seemed to me as though I had been drenched with it. Even brandy would not relieve me from it. And then my whole body was in a mess, and I felt as though I had been rubbed with pitch. Looking at my limbs I saw no sign on them of the fluid. They seemed to dry from this as they usually do from any other water; but still the feeling remained. However, I was to ride from hence to a spot on the banks of Jordan, which I should reach in an hour, and at which I would wash; so I clothed myself, and prepared for my departure.

Seated in my position in the island, I was unable to see what was going on among the remainder of the party, and therefore could not tell whether my pistols and money were safe. I dressed, therefore, rather hurriedly, and on getting again to the shore, found that Mr. John Smith had not levanted. He was seated on his horse at some distance from Joseph and the Arabs, and had no appearance of being in league with those, no doubt, worthy guides. I certainly had suspected a *ruse*, and now was angry with myself that I had done so. And yet, in London, one would not trust one's money to a stranger whom one had met twenty-four hours since in a coffee-room! Why then do it with a stranger whom one chanced to meet in the desert?

"Thanks," I said, as he handed me my belongings. "I wish I could have induced you to come in also. The Dead Sea is now at your elbow, and therefore you think nothing of it; but in ten or fifteen years' time, you would be glad to be able to tell your children that you had bathed in it." "I shall never have any children to care for such tidings," he replied.

[To be continued.]

Reviews of Books.

FORBES'S ICELAND.*

THE easiest way, without doubt, now-a-days, of gaining a literary reputation is to write a book of travels. To produce a successful novel requires a cultivated mind, a fertile imagination, and a keen insight into human nature, while the treatment of subjects of a graver character involves an amount of thought and research by no means in accordance with the tastes of the literary aspirants of the day. But anybody who can write grammar and keep his eyes open can write a book of travels; if he is, perchance, gifted with a too lively imagination, he tells us what is not true, and his book is all the more amusing; if, on the other hand, he is dull and matter of fact, we call his narrative "a simple and truthful description of this very interesting—" &c. It is very difficult to go wrong, and what is wanting in literary merit may be made up with a bright cover and pretty pictures. The only class of these itinerant scribblers who really fail, are those who do not wisely choose the scene of their travels, for inasmuch as all the interest of the book necessarily consists in the subject rather than in the manner in which it is handled, it is essential to go beyond paths so often trodden, that the pen of a great master could alone render their description tolerable to the reader already familiar with the scenes depicted. If, then, we look through the list of author-travellers we find it composed of men of every class and every profession, whose previous habits may or may not have qualified them for the task they have undertaken, and who depend for success rather on their subject than themselves.

When we took up the work before us, with its somewhat comprehensive title, we must own to having shuddered slightly. In the first place the subject is a cold one. There is something dreary and inhospitable in the very name of Iceland. We are scarcely recovered from the chill Lord Dufferin gave us when we are suddenly plunged again into the same ice-bath by a commander in the Royal Navy. We are comforted by thinking that he will probably not be able to make a speech in dog Latin, but we shrink from a second infliction of the Thingvalla. The peer owed his literary success partly to having outyachted a Frenchman, and partly to having been so very superficial that people could read him without being bored. Whether the sailor will be equally happy in extracting from "Iceland, its Volcanoes, Geysers, and Glaciers," the materials of a literary reputation, must depend upon a discriminating public.

For ourselves we confess that we opened the book in a most unamiable frame of mind; we read his short impudent preface with a sneer; his cool slipshod first chapter, with amused forbearance; the next three or four enticed us through them against our judgment; we felt morally bound to shut up the book and pronounce against it. He actually does go to Thingvalla; but still there is a racy originality about our author which tempts us on if it is only to pick holes. There is a genuine smack in his style which is refreshing, sometimes showing itself in a lofty disregard of the conventionalities of composition, at others of propriety. "On the right," says our author, "is a lake, which waters the natives in the summer, and skates them in winter." His recklessness in the matter of verbs is only equalled by the boldness with which he lays down the law upon all subjects—political, social, religious, or scientific, which incidentally present themselves. On the whole, Capt. Forbes' book is a better picture of the modes of thought of a British sailor than of Iceland; and there is often a charming frankness in his manner of inviting the public to share his feelings. "My British nature," he says, "prompts me to early rising; but I have long ago concluded that without any definite object you should always take your ease, and give nature a chance when she is so disposed; your systematically early riser is always vain and sleepy." It would be doing our author an injustice, however, to imagine that he led a life of ease in Iceland. Not only does he perseveringly scramble up yokels, over laugs, across lava fields, through torrents, and along the precipitous sides of beetling cliffs; but he diverges into historic episodes, obtained principally from Laing's "Heimskringla" and other records, pleasantly interspersed, however, with original sentiments and moral reflections of his own. Then he has been at pains to collect marvellous histories of the outlaw men, and legends of Snorror Semund, and other Icelandic traditionary worthies. With characteristic hardihood, Capt. Forbes gives us his views upon "the chemical construction of Geysers generally," and describes wherein he differs from "the chemists and geologists of the day who have investigated the matter." He is equally ready with a dissertation on the geological formation of Surtshellir, and we are bound to say, whatever may be his scientific acquirements, that his language is clear, and his descriptions of scenery graphic and picturesque. There is so little variety in Icelandic scenery, that a sameness in drawing the picture of it is inevitable; still Capt. Forbes has varied his material with considerable skill, and shown, in spite of an occasional roughness in composition, some power of language.

The following is a description of an Aurora:—

"The evening was very enjoyable after the hurricane, and twilight was relieved by a most brilliant Aurora, which in these high latitudes often follows or precedes any great change of temperature; its pale, sylph-like, and undulating rays flitting about in every direction, and were only extinguished in one quarter of the heavens to be rekindled more brilliantly in another. Gradually increasing in power, its light equalled that of the moon, and, together with the intensity of the atmosphere, threw the distant western peaks apparently at our feet, and distorted them with inconceivable rapidity into fantastic and fairy forms, making inexhaustible demands on the eye and imagination. Brilliant coronas from time to time encircled our zenith; but the

climax was attained when a stream of light, rising in the west, seemed to unfold itself from the conical, and, at this moment, supernaturally elongated Baula; and, graciously but slowly advancing, arched the heavens, bisected the pale Road of Winter, and rested on the glittering blue dome of the Ok, as if to favour a fairy migration to that Goshen of which the otherwise inaccessible Baula is said to be the entrance, where trees and meads are ever green, and its dwarfish inhabitants have only to regard their countless flocks and herds. This fragile bridge, possessing all the colours of the rainbow, after a brief hour's existence, imperceptibly separated in the centre and subsided towards its apex, which became more vivid in colour and light as they expired; the flickering rays lighting us down the edge of the precipice, over which roared the never-ending chorus of the falls."

The majority of travellers who have visited Iceland have contented themselves with a very cursory examination into its natural curiosities, and a brief notice of the manners and customs of the inhabitants. Captain Forbes has "done" Iceland like a conscientious tourist, and has explored its physical wonders and its social condition with as great diligence as its historic records and legendary lore. He has mingled the result of his observation and his reading with some humour and a good deal of slang. Perhaps if he had displayed a little more of that bashfulness by which he professes to have been overcome when put to bed by three Icelandic young ladies, we should have been better pleased with his narrative. Still, taking it as a book of its class, we have no reason to complain. The reader will probably arrive, as we have done, without difficulty at the last page, and close the book with a kindly feeling towards its author, not unaccompanied by a latent hope that the subject may be considered exhausted, and that Iceland may remain unvisited by tourists ambitious of literary distinction for a few summers to come.

THE HISTORY OF CHESS.*

[FIRST ARTICLE.]

THERE is no subject, considering its peculiar special character, and necessarily limited sphere of interest, that has given birth to more speculation and controversy than the much-debated question of the origin of Chess. As seven cities contended for the honour of Homer's birth-place, so almost every nation of antiquity has at one time or other asserted its claim to the invention of the noble game. India, Persia, Arabia, China, Greece, and Rome, have respectively had their advocates, and writers have not been wanting who have awarded the honour to the Scythian nomads,—the Jews, the Welsh, and the Irish. Within the present century, however, the Oriental origin of the game appears to have been conclusively established, and the list of claimants reduced to three, viz., the Hindus, the Persians, and the Arabians. Most of the principal authorities, including Sir William Jones, have decided in favour of the Hindus; but owing partly to the difficulty of access to the ancient sacred writings of the Brahmins, which were until recently a sealed book to the European, and partly to an insufficient acquaintance with the game itself; the conclusions of former writers amounted to little more than vague speculations based on conjecture, or at best on presumptive evidence. It was reserved for Dr. Forbes to elucidate the mystery that had embarrassed his predecessors. With a world-known reputation as an accomplished Oriental linguist, coupled with a truly critical method, and an intimate knowledge of his subject-matter, he is in every respect eminently qualified to fulfil his self-imposed task.

It is impossible, within the narrow limits of the present article, to do justice to a work that unmistakably embodies the labour of years; we must, therefore, content ourselves with following the main thread of our Author's arguments, and stating a few of the more important results at which he arrives.

The whole scope of Dr. Forbes' inquiry falls under two heads:—

1. The Origin of Chess.

2. The various modifications the game has undergone, from its invention to the present day.

I. The claim of the Hindus to the invention of Chess is considered by Dr. Forbes to be conclusively established. In proof of this he adduces several arguments.

1. On etymological grounds alone his position seems impregnable. The term *Chaturanga*—which as a neuter substantive is the Sanscrit equivalent for the "game of Chess"—is compounded of the two words *chatur*, four, and *anga*, a component part, and is generally applied by the old Hindu poets to an army composed of four distinct species of forces; these were anciently, elephants, horses, ships, and infantry, which were respectively represented in the old Hindu game under the figures of the bishop, knight, rook (*ruk*) and pawn. "It is only in Sanscrit,"—we quote from Dr. Forbes,—"that the term *Chaturanga*, the name given to the ancient game, fully and clearly conveys to the mind the idea of the thing represented." The word *Shatranj*, which was employed by the Persians and Arabs to express "Chess," is evidently a new modification or corruption of the Sanscrit. We are thus inevitably led to infer, that the *Chaturanga* was invented by a people whose language was Sanscrit, which brings home the origin of the game to India.

2. The argument, from internal evidence, is scarcely less forcible. The introduction of the "ship" into the primitive game, which at first sight appears to be an anomaly, corroborates, curiously enough, the supposition of its Indian origin. In a country like the Punjab, consisting of vast alluvial plains, which, during nearly one-third of the year, are flooded with water, the ship or boat must have proved a very important item in the material of a campaign. We find frequent allusions to their employment in warfare, in Arrian's account of the expedition of Alexander across this part of India.

3. The testimony of the ancient Hindu sacred writings would seem to point to the same conclusion. Sir William Jones states, that mention is made of the game in the oldest Hindu law book, where its invention is ascribed to the "wife of Ravan, King of Lanka (the capital of Ceylon), in order to amuse him with an image of war, while his metropolis was closely besieged by Rama, in the second age of the world." In the Puranas also, which rank next to the Vedas, in point of sanctity, the game is frequently alluded to as being well known and practised in the heroic age of Hindu history. Both the Puranas and the great epic poem, the "Mahabharata," speak of the game as being popular in the times of Pandu and his five sons.

From the foregoing evidence our author deduces the following conclusions:—

"1st. That the game of *Chaturanga* is, in all essential respects, the same as the game of Chess; the elements and principles of both being identical, and the minor points of detail in which they differ being the mere result of such slow and gradual improvement as time and circumstance have developed.

"2ndly. That the *Chaturanga* was invented by a people whose language was Sanscrit, is evident on the most unerring etymological grounds, in addition to the direct testimony of the Puranic poems, and also that of all the old writers of Arabia and Persia who have in any way alluded to the subject; consequently, that the invention belongs to the Hindus only.

"3rdly. That the *Chaturanga*, whether judged by its own intrinsic nature, or the testimony of ancient writers, existed long before the modification of it called *Shatranj*, or the medieval game.

* The History of Chess, from the time of the early invention of the game in India, till the period of its establishment in Western and Central Europe. By Duncan Forbes, LL.D., Professor of Oriental Languages in King's College, London. London: W. H. Allen & Co., 7, Leadenhall-street. 1860.

* Iceland, its Volcanoes, Geysers, and Glaciers. By Commander Charles Forbes, R.N. London: John Murray, Albemarle-street.

thly. That the *Chaturanga* is the most ancient game, not only of Chess, but of anything approaching the nature of Chess, of which any account has been handed down to us. It claims an antiquity of nearly 5,000 years; and with every allowance for poetic license, there is margin enough left to prove that it was known and practised in India long before it found its way to any other region—not excepting the very ancient empire of China—even on the showing of the Celestials themselves."

II. Having thus satisfactorily established the Hindu origin of chess, Dr. Forbes proceeds to consider the various modifications the primitive game underwent before it acquired its present form.

The history of Chess is divisible into three distinct periods.

The first is that of the ancient Hindu *Chaturanga*—in which the number and powers of the pieces were identical with those of the European game of the fifteenth century. It was played by four persons, each of whom had a king, rook, knight, bishop, and four pawns, the opposite players being allied against the other two, and the move being decided by the turn of an oblong dye, marked with the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5.

The second, or mediæval period, dates from the sixth century of our era. Several very important changes now present themselves. The modern disposition of the pieces succeeds the old form of battle array—the allied armies being united on the same side of the board. One of the allied monarchs is stripped of half his power, and is changed into the *farzin* or *wazir*, i.e., the minister or councillor. Finally, the element of chance is eliminated, and the game becomes a question of pure skill.

During these two epochs, the movements of the pieces, with the exception of the king and rook, were much more restricted than in the modern game. The bishop, or ship, commanded only the *third square* on the diagonal. To compensate, however, for this limited action, he enjoyed the privilege of the knight's move, and could leap over any intervening piece or pawn. The *wazir* moved one square diagonally in each direction, and the pawns were allowed to advance only a single step at a time.

In the third, or modern period, which commenced about the end of the fifteenth century, the powers of several of the pieces were greatly augmented. In the first place, the bishop was permitted to command the whole diagonal, instead of every third square as formerly. Secondly, the *wazir*, or queen, was invested with the combined power of the rook and bishop; thirdly, the pawns advanced one or two squares at pleasure; and lastly, the compound move of castling was introduced.

From India the game was transmitted to Persia and Arabia; but the precise date of its introduction into these countries is not known. We have, however, indisputable proof that it became very popular at a very early period of our era.

REMINISCENCES OF A SCOTTISH GENTLEMAN.*

It was only in our twenty-third number that we gave an account of a volume of Scottish recollections, which the author, Dr. Carlyle, had begun to write late in life, and which he had, unfortunately, never finished. The narrative ended in the year 1770, though the reverend author survived to 1805, and left his interesting history of the intervening period untold. By that time a considerable change of manners had ensued: claret no longer flowed in every roadside inn for every traveller who rode on a journey, and stopped at almost every house of call by the way; the deep drinking at dinner and nightly carouse were somewhat abated, though still characteristic enough of northern debauchery; six-bottle men were scarce, the majority having dwindled down to three or four bottles (we wonder if the new French treaty will have any effect in restoring these olden times!); the bacchanalian song-singing was less general, and the morning dram had ceased to be universal; very broad language and very unseemly jokes had yielded to a certain degree of tolerable inuendo and moderation of fun; in short, the citizens of Edinburgh had set about building a new town, and adopting more refined external, and the people of Scotland had begun to eschew some of the flagrant habits inherited from their Celtic and Scandinavian progenitors. From 1770 to 1800 witnessed much of this transition, and a description of the gradual progress would have been welcome from Dr. Carlyle's pen; but, alas, it is, as far as he could have illustrated it, a dead letter.

Of more recent dates, Lord Cockburn and Dean Ramsay have furnished some graphic sketches, and others have followed or are following in their footsteps. And there is plenty of room for such pleasant productions. They are curious contributions to social realities and aspects, before Socialism was a political problem, and Social Science a philosophical study. Folks seemed to live more and think less; to enjoy the goods the gods provided, without deep inquiry into the elements and causation. Animality was more prevalent than intellectuality, and mirth had an unchecked run throughout a large circle, where now we have ideas and abstractions to leaven the whole mass, from the class A 1 to the classes attendant upon popular lectures, and readers at institutes perhaps only of the last periodical tales and the cheapest (heaven forgive us!) of literature.

The writer of the present *Reminiscences*, it will be seen, occupies some of the space left blank by Dr. Carlyle, and some contemporaneously with the late Edinburgh issues. Like the former, he is auto and otherwise biographical and genealogical: like the latter, descriptive and anecdotal. There is no authorship in the book. It is like Othello's round unvarnished tale, and seems to set the men and things of the era before us, just as they happened to be seen and turn up. In truth, Philo Scotus knows nothing of the art of word-spinning and book-making. He publishes under an anonyne, and yet at pages 142, 308, 313, and elsewhere, divulges his secret with the most direct indiscretion. We may therefore call him Ainslie, a name of high Scottish rank, connected with eminent military distinctions in the service of our country, and related to a number of the nobility of its native land. The family histories of many of these and their compeers and associates, engross a considerable portion of the text, which will, no doubt, render the publication very acceptable on the other side of the Tweed, and with all the numerous class of lady readers who devour Burke's *Peerage* and *County Gentry* with insatiable appetites. To the million, the plums in the pudding, anecdotes like raisins, and witticisms like currants, will be better suited, and for such we cater.

The day after any of us have been to a very agreeable party, "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," as persons learned in poetic lore may be heard to quote it; and try to remember what it was that made the occasion pass off so well, we find it extremely difficult to be able to afford a second or third absentee any notion of the entertainment. The jests do not tell so humourously, the repartees are not so piquant, the wit has nearly evaporated—and the reason is obvious. In order that they should possess their original import, flavour, and raciness, we must have all the antecedents and concomitants before us. The diamonds want the cutting, the jewels the setting; and when we attempt to supply this necessary aid, the labour overwhelms their effect, and it is impossible to make much of their boasted lustre apparent. So it is with such Recollections

and Reminiscences. To make them felt as in their first emanations we have to recount so many particulars that it is like bestowing our tediousness upon our hearers; and, after all, there must be imperfection in the very best which raised the chorus of laughter in the jovial hour. Thus apologising for any failures in our necessarily brief notice of this neat and prettily presented volume, we proceed to a few examples of its various features, and begin with personals.

Ramsay Maule, of Panmure, the father of the now Lord Dalhousie and Panmure, was, in his youth, a sample of the somewhat reckless men of large fortune, and much addicted to practical jokes which would not be tolerated in a fast prince in our day. Of him we are told:—

"His magnificent baronial residence of Brechin Castle was in the vicinity of the town of Montrose, where dwelt the mother of Joseph Hume, 'a man known to fame.' Mrs. Hume, in her widowed state, had a hard struggle to bring up her family. In aid of other means she was a dealer in crockery; on market-days she spread out on the pavement in front of her shop a large assortment of her brittle ware, to the sore temptation of housewives, whose great pride and ambition is ever to be possessed of a handsome tea-set. This afforded an opportunity to indulge in a freak of fun just suited to Ramsay Maule, which he carried through by galloping into Montrose at the head of a group of his merry companions, and charging and careering through and through Widow Hume's cups and saucers, tureens and plates, &c., until, as the Yankees say, 'all was one almighty smash.' A handful of Sir William Forbes' bank-notes tossed to honest Mrs. Hume, with a cheery kindly smile from the 'generous sportsman' (such his *soubriquet*), settled the account and result of his *spree*. It was even whispered by the widow's gossips that a repetition of the 'weel-fared honourable's daaften, wadna be ill ta'en.'"

Mohawking (even in this lowered tone not the most admirable pursuit for accomplished gentlemen) has fallen off so sensibly since, that London rings no more with fashionable midnight orgies, and street rioting and rapine of bell-pulls and knockers. These amusements of the upper orders have declined into insipidity, just as those of the lowest orders have decayed, as perpetual exhibitions of dying agonies on the scaffold have become infrequent and unexemplary.

Our next personal trait relates to the late gallant representative of Southwark, Sir Charles Napier, who was a boy-companion of young Ainslie, both entertaining strong predilections for the life of a sailor. Napier's father, a retired post-captain, had other views for his son, and strongly opposed this disposition; but where there's a will there's a way.

"This opposition was considered by us aspiring youngsters (i.e., his schoolfellows!) as a most tyrannical stretch of parental authority, and we determined to back up Charlie by accompanying him to his father's house, in George-square, and endeavouring, by our persuasive eloquence, to move the gallant old captain to depart from his resolution. I remember well the awe we felt when we reached George-square, for, like Bob Acres, our bold resolve to face the captain had oozed out as we trudged along; and when about to be ushered into his presence, each endeavoured to give the *pas* and *entré* to his companions. On being in the captain's presence our fears did not diminish, as he looked with stern surprise at our thus invading his sanctum. Charlie at length lifted up his voice, and reiterated his wish to don the middy's uniform; upon which we all took courage, and in urgent, though rather tremulous voices, supported our friend's petition. But it was in vain; we were dismissed in no very courteous terms by the gallant captain, who declared, in unmistakable language, that Charlie never should be a sailor."

The obstacles, however, were soon after overcome, and Charlie announced, with unbounded joy, that his father had consented to his wishes. At Liverpool, in after years, Mr. A. gives us a reminiscence of the ancestor of another great and happily living character, which may interest our readers. He says:—

"On first settling in Liverpool, I had letters of introduction to Mr. John Gladstone, who had become a leading member of the mercantile class in that town. He possessed excellent abilities, which enabled him to attain his then status, from having commenced his career as a clerk in a mercantile house at Dantzic. His father, who was a respectable and industrious man, residing in the town of Leith, followed the calling of a dealer in corn and oatmeal, had a numerous family, of whom John was either the eldest or second son. I remember seeing his father occupied with his business, in a shop situated in the Sheriff Bray of Leith: an anecdote connected with this worthy man I will now relate, and tell the tale as 'twas told to me: 'At a period of scarcity, there was much discontent and rioting amongst the working and lower orders, during which they attacked all who, like Thomas Gladstone, dealt in corn and oatmeal, and were accused of hoarding quantities of each. This feeling burst forth with great violence against Gladstone, when the rioters broke into his shop, seized him, and were proceeding to put him to death by the ignoble process of hanging, when, fortunately, the sheriff, a determined and courageous man (father of that distinguished judge, Henry Cockburn), galloped into the midst of the mob, caught hold of Gladstone, and rescued him from a most perilous situation.' The sheriff was wont to describe this adventure with great glee."

We have observed on the writer's absence of authorship arrangements. His work is not even divided into heads or chapters; and as he occasionally diverges, reverts, and reminds, it is no easy matter to follow him, except on his own course; and critics are not hounds to pursue the beaten track on the scent in this fashion. Indeed it would be too long a chase, had we five times the room we have. For our author took a summer voyage to Petersburg, and a cruise in the Hebrides; he went to Jamaica and resided there (through above a hundred pages); he recovered health in Scotland among the pleasantest of people, beautiful scenery, and delightful society. He became a merchant in Liverpool, married, and had an only daughter, to save whom he tried the climate of France and Spain, but, all in vain, returned deeply affected to his native country. Now, though all these matters are treated as it were "Touch and go," it is quite impossible to afford any adequate idea of their particular bearings—we can only compare them to a moving diorama full of figures and incidents, and displaying altogether a view of the age as a sequel to Dr. Carlyle's preceding picture. And it is odd enough that the Doctor is one of the writer's *dramatis personæ*, spoken of as the Minister of Inveresk (where Ainslie was at school), the friend and intimate companion of John Home, the author of *Douglas*, and of all the distinguished *litterati* of the day. The further description of him is striking and quite in unison with the remarks which the publication of his remains have elicited from the press.

The account of Liverpool, like that of Jamaica, shows a wonderful contrast with the present time. What would we think now, in our steam-ship experience, of the story of two vessels, equally ready to start on their voyage to Barbadoes, "at anchor at the magazines and quite ready for sea, waiting for a wind; one commanded by an unmarried, dashing, dare-devil sailor, the other by a steady, cautious, and excellent seaman, but a married man." The one slept on board, the other in Liverpool, having a coxswain and boat's crew on the beach to warn him, if necessary. But the coxswain got tipsy, and the crew went to sleep. The fair wind sprung up, and the first vessel got out to sea, whilst our luckless married captain was called just in time in the morning to see where his comrade was, and, from a change in the weather, find himself too late! And there he lay, detained by adverse weather, till his consort got to Barbadoes, discharged and took in a fresh cargo, and returned to discover the unlucky victim of his coxswain's love of grog positively where he had left him, waiting for a wind, two months before.

We are sorry that we cannot even touch upon the convivial pleasantries and records of the wits and witty sayings which Mr. Ainslie has rescued from oblivion; but as his *Reminiscences* must attract a wide circle, especially in the north and around Liverpool, we may with less reluctance conclude with recommending it to the notice of the rest of the world, though some of the passages in Scotch Doric may puzzle some of the most erudite of Cockney literati. The narrative covers thirty-five years (to 1822), and gives a remarkable eye-witness description of the Porteous mob-murder, and an account of the initiation of the railroad between Liverpool and Manchester, with which it concludes. But if the Juvenile is encouraged by public approbation, he promises a continuation, which we trust we may live to see.

* *Reminiscences of a Scottish Gentleman*, commencing in 1757. By Philo Scotus. Arthur Hall, Virtue, & Co.

VERSE AND WORSE—AGAIN.*

THERE ought to be a Special Assize to sit in judgment on metrical delinquents. The business of the regular courts of criticism grows so heavy by the accumulation of cases, that, without some relief, we run the risk of hasty sentences, or a failure of justice. In this class of offences, no amount of convictions, no severity of punishment, operates as a warning. Example has no other force than that of tempting undisciplined minds into new misdemeanours. Nobody is deterred by it. Folly is encouraged by having its bells rung about its ears. Rigorous criticism, like hanging, fascinates the imagination of undeveloped offenders; and as the gallows at the Old Bailey is considered by many sensible people to be a fruitful nursing mother to babes of iniquity, so, it is to be feared, the critical scaffold increases and multiplies that desperate rout called by Ben Jonson poet-suckers. But we must not remit the penalty because the vice spreads. The law must take its course; and our chief difficulty in its administration is that of finding time to try the culprits. We are worse off in this respect than Sir Cresswell Cresswell. He presides over an elastic tribunal; but we adjudicate within stringent limits. The only course that occurs to us by which we can reconcile convenience and responsibility is to set aside a sort of intercalary Session, from time to time, when a batch can be brought up together for judgment; thus enabling us, at last, to clear off arrears, and to keep pace with current demands upon our attention.

From a heap of books before us, of all colours in and out of the rainbow, powdered, and stamped, and fretted over with gold, we take the first that comes to begin with. It is by Mr. Joseph Hambleton, and bears the title of "A Spring Morning's Dream." Mr. Hambleton tells us that he has "written with a purpose," and that he makes the avowal as "a matter of self-satisfaction," which he is fairly entitled to do, considering how many people with loftier pretensions have written to no purpose. But we should be better pleased with this preliminary declaration, if we could find out what the purpose is. The preface, which undertakes to expound it, plunges us into an abyss of impenetrable darkness upon the subject. Mr. Hambleton "flatters himself," he says, that "he has succeeded in an attempt to trace from their source some of the wanderings of his own mind, and to mark their progress towards conviction." It is, doubtless, proper that he who can trace wanderings from their source should follow them up to conviction; while we, "who are but simple men," can only regret that this sublime exploit should not be brought down by plainer language to the level of our comprehension. A little farther on, we have a fuller exposition of the purpose of the book. Here we are informed that Religion, Worship, Devotion, Justice, Free Inquiry, and Virtue are exercises of man's faculties, and food for his soul, but that, taken in the way of aliment, they must be used conjointly, because, says Mr. Hambleton, "one unfairly stimulated, all suffer from disproportionate monstrosity." Regarding this dietetic statement as a lucid outline of the conditions of man's life in its most solemn aspects, moral, intellectual, and religious, Mr. Hambleton proceeds to "cast it into the fanciful shape of a poem." We are sorry that we cannot give the reader any further information. When we open the poem itself, which consists of a mosaic of independent fragments upon a bewildering diversity of topics, grave, gay, satirical, political, historical, and descriptive, conveyed in an endless variety of metres to correspond, the preface by comparison becomes brilliantly clear, and as luminous in its depths as the Hall of Dazzling Delights in a Christmas pantomime.

The introduction is jauntily addressed to departing May. The form of the invocation is pretty, but unluckily it was anticipated by Suckling:—

"Prithce, why so cold, May,
Think on days of old, May," &c.

The coming of June is greeted in the next versicle. June, like May, is considerably altered since Mr. Hambleton was first acquainted with him. He is a mere fop, an "imitative ape," who, "hearing that May was cold," extends an icy finger to his friends. The poet is so offended, or disappointed, at the pride and formality of these two months, that he is resolved to have nothing more to do with them, and accordingly proceeds to "sing himself to sleep" in a "lullaby," which is distinguished from all other lullabys by being regularly divided into strophe, anti-strophe, and epode, in four parts. This lullaby consists of an argument, rather hard and knotty, in favour of going to sleep, and the pleasures arising therefrom, amongst which the gratification of beholding a gem lost "by the wrecking of memory" is prominent:—

"Beheld, as if tossed
By anarchy for decking
With lustrous form
Each phantom brow
That appears but to glance
In fluttering dance
With the uncaught Now,
The irrevocable Past,
And Future's shape uncast."

These verses having the desired effect, the poet falls fast asleep, and begins to dream. His slumber is fitful and disturbed. The diet he has been indulging in has evidently disagreed with him. He raves in a strange language; begins

"To utter oft-told tales
In unselected speech."

All manner of broken scenes and disjointed visions pass before him; Attic drama and philosophy, rising up in his distempered brain are suddenly swept away by a trial for blasphemy, which is displaced by Esoteric and Exoteric Teaching, Political Degradation, and the Final Struggle, and the Lost Battle. After this apparent catastrophe we are whisked off to Athens, where we witness the extinction of freedom and poetry, followed by the Last Appeal (wherefore, or to whom we know not), and then the dream, which we were not aware had been interrupted, is resumed, and the poet continues to be tossed about in the same manner, from one distracting theme to another, through sixteen cantos. In one respect this production must be allowed to be an excellent imitation of a dream—it is totally unintelligible. Subject after subject looms up in mist and vapour, and beating of big words in capital letters, and whistling of metres, and every conceivable variety of verbal tumult, without an atom of meaning; and then the mists, before they have formed into tableaux, or shapes of any kind, or suggested to the mind a single distinct or comprehensive idea, dissolve into profounder masses of cloudy verbiage, to be again broken up by the heaving of some fresh phantasm. These wonderful things are wrought out, sometimes in a vein of bewildering banter, and sometimes with oracular solemnity. Here is an indifferent touch of the former, from a curious detached piece, called "Wide-Awake." Mr. Hambleton is rebuking the "bloated pride" of people who, drawing their wealth from the city, must needs pamper their vanity by living at the West-end:—

"Happy to hear it said in 'Park' they dwell,
That so no curious nose the shop may smell,
While lucre scraped at counters, grabb'd at desks,
Dubs them as 'Gents,' or bids address as 'Esqs.'"

* A Spring-Morning's Dream. With Somnolence and Wide-Awake. By Joseph Hambleton. London: Kent & Co.

The elliptical form, of which we have a couple of examples in this quatrain, is conspicuous in Mr. Hambleton's system of versification. He is great, too, in double rhymes; and, unconscious of the fatigue he inflicts upon the ear of the reader, to say nothing of the incoherent drivel to which this kind of composition commits him, he carries on whole cantos in such strains as the following, wherein a leather-cutter of Athens is complaining of the interruptions he suffers from Socrates:—

"He puts his questions into all things prying
In heaven and hell. What right has he for trying
What's true or not? Our language dares define he,—
He, forsooth! whose substance not three minae
Would fetch if brought for sale! Not acquiescing,
As poor men ought, nor e'en so much as guessing
That rich men are the right men, and that property
Must, as the name shows, ever be the proper tie
Of argument and sound opinion."

The last of these rhymes will show to what desperate straits the ingenious author is sometimes driven to keep up the strokes of his double tom-tom; and as by this time the reader will probably have taken the full measure of Mr. Hambleton's music, we will pass on to the next performer.

SPRUNER'S HISTORICAL ATLAS.*

A celebrated French writer was asked some years ago what kind of knowledge he considered it most important that an educated man should possess beyond the range of his immediate professional acquirements. The reply was, such an acquaintance with the great events in general history that he could map out the various states into which the civilized world has been divided in every century, from Greek and Roman times down to the present day. This would, we suspect, have proved a severe test even for high historical scholarship. Whence, indeed, is the necessary information to be gleaned? The only maps with which we are familiar relate either to the periods of pagan antiquity or to our own epoch. No epitome of general history supplies us with the data necessary to represent, in the rudest manner, the boundaries of the states which have successively arisen in Europe since the fall of the Roman Empire. The writer even of the most meagre historical summary is to some extent an artist. To sustain the interest of his narrative, he is obliged to concentrate attention on those communities which play the most prominent part in the epoch of which he treats, and to throw into the shade others which, whatever their importance might have been, have now disappeared from the map of Europe. The fact is that we might as well attempt to lay down a plan of an estate from drawings taken on the spot by a landscape-painter as attempt to trace charts of the political geography of successive epochs from the descriptions contained in historical works properly so called; nor could it be otherwise. Maps supply a kind of information which printed books cannot furnish and the fact is that our ideas of mediæval and modern history have been completely distorted from the want of good historical maps. Reading all history by the light of atlases of ancient and modern geography, we entertain the most erroneous ideas respecting the permanence of those boundaries which now form the limits of European states. How vague, for instance, are the notions generally entertained regarding the *nuclei* of the French and Spanish monarchies and the states out of which they grew. How few persons could describe the former boundaries of the kingdoms of Lorraine and Burgundy, or Leon and Arragon, or of the provinces of Southern France and Eastern Spain, which blent throughout the Middle Ages into one nationality, and gave the first impulse to Western civilization?

In all parts of Europe it is the same. Old geographical limits have disappeared from the maps, without the facts which they represented having ceased to exercise an influence on the inhabitants of the areas they circumscribed. The names of old states, however, survive, representing, as they generally do, more truly than the administrative names appearing in modern maps the areas into which Europe is divided by the accidents of its surface. The Lombards and the Piedmontese do not cease to speak of Montferrat, although the Marquisate has been dropped from the list of Sardinian provinces. The Finns and Esthonians still talk of Ingermannland, although the Russian town of St. Petersburg, planted within the territory, has conferred upon it a new designation in administrative geography. And so it is with a hundred other names, which are met with constantly in historical works and in books of travel, and yet are nowhere to be traced upon our maps, or to be found described in our gazetteers or dictionaries. The importance, then, of a work which should represent the various states into which the known world has been divided since the fall of the Roman empire, can scarcely be overrated. We do not subscribe to the doctrine of the French writer from whom we quoted; but we agree so far with him as to think that the kind of information to which he refers is of very high importance, and that any one who has studied history with the aid of such maps as these will retain views of the general course of events more vivid and more accurate than any he could have obtained by mere reading.

These maps embrace the whole period of mediæval and modern history. In the first we have a representation of Europe immediately after the fall of the Roman Empire, in which the position of the various Germanic, Slavonic, and Finnish tribes, who had overrun the continent from the Asiatic deserts, is carefully represented. We have next a picture of the same area during the Carolingian, Saxon, and Franconian periods. Then follow maps which show the early mediæval conquests of the Arabs, the Turks, and the Moguls, and the state of Europe and the East at the time of the Crusades. The Latin, Germanic, and Slavonian countries are then depicted as they appeared in each century from the period of the Hohenstaufens down to that of the thirty years' war, the series being continued to our own times by maps representing the Ottoman Empire at the height of its power in the seventeenth century, the growth of Russia, the partitions of Poland, and the state of Europe before the outbreak of the French Revolution, and in the era of Napoleon. A general map of the world is added, in which are represented all the tracks of the great voyages of discovery and exploratory expeditions from the sixteenth to the middle of the nineteenth century. The work, as we are told, has been the labour of a lifetime; and it is one which could only have been produced by a learned and industrious German scholar. We venture to predict for it a very considerable success in this country, as it exhibits, briefly, and at a glance, a kind of information not to be obtained without immense toil from books, but which is nevertheless absolutely necessary to understand aright the history of the great invasions, the struggle of mediæval Europe with the Arabs and Turks, the consequences of the great wars which have devastated the Continent, the diplomatic negotiations in which they have terminated, and the changes which colonization and mercantile enterprise are in our own times silently bringing about in the most remote corners of the globe.

* Spruner's Historical Atlas. London: Trübner. 1860.

ISHMAEL—THE MOSLEM MISSION FIELD.*

We have placed together two works of very great value, both bearing upon one, and that an all-important subject. The first is a large book, containing a full history of Islamism, and its relation to Christianity; the second, a small pamphlet, pointing out the necessity of establishing Christian missions among the Mohammedans. The author of both works, the Rev. Dr. J. M. Arnold, has long sojourned in Egypt, Arabia, Palestine, Abyssinia, and India. His researches as a scholar, have made known to him the ancient history of Islamism, and his active life as a missionary has brought him in constant contact with Islamism as it now exists, both in its dogmas and precepts as an anti-Christian religion, and with the manners and lives both of its clerical adherents and lay followers. Animated by a pure, noble, and disinterested zeal, the Rev. Dr. Arnold comes before the public as an author to present them with the result of his investigation, to make them the masters of his knowledge, so that when they completely understand the subject on which he addresses them, they may aid in the performance of a great Christian duty, that is, making the truth known to those who now "sit in darkness."

The great work of the truly rev. author is divided into two books,—the first, "The Natural History of Islamism," traces back the forerunners of Mohammed to the first dawning of Christianity, and detects the deniers of Christ's divinity amongst the Cerinthians, Ebionites, &c. The author gives the age, history, and character of Mohammed, the history and dogmas of the Koran, showing what it borrowed from Judaism, and what from Christianity. The first book concludes with an account of the spread, success, character, and influence of Islamism. The second book presents a contrast between Christianity and Islamism, and the author having vindicated the integrity both of the Old and New Testament, then compares together the Bible and the Koran, Christ and Mohammed. We only refer to the points which are so well treated, and so elaborately expounded in Mr. Arnold's work. "Ishmael" is a clear, accurate, and interesting historical account of the rise, progress, and present position of Mohammedism.

We strongly recommend "Ishmael" to universal perusal on account of the vast mass of historical information contained in it. We recommend it, because we do not know of any work on the same subject so good or so useful; and we feel an additional satisfaction in recommending it, because the rev. author has resolved that whatever may be the profits arising from its sale, the whole of the proceeds are to be given towards founding "a society for propagating the Gospel among the Mohammedans."

Is such a mission necessary? and is it incumbent on England to aid in its formation? There are, it appears, 5,000,000 of Mohammedans within the borders of Christian Europe; and there are 15,000,000 of Mohammedans who are our fellow-subjects in India. Efforts have been made to convert Jews—efforts have been made to convert Pagan idolaters; but there is, it may be said, no mission for converting Mohammedans, even though, as it is shown by the rev. author, there is at this time, what was never before so strongly developed, "a spirit of inquiry agitating the followers of the Koran." We quote his words upon this point:—

"At this very moment the unheard-of request has been received from the Bedouin tribes adjoining the Fashali of Aleppo, to send a Christian teacher among them. Persia, like Turkey, is literally waiting to receive the Gospel. A new sphere of Apostolic labour is also opening among the Moslems in Egypt and North Africa. Would that some of the pent-up energy of our awakened and reviving Church, might throw itself upon this fresh department of the mission field!"

Cordially uniting in the prayer thus expressed by the author—strongly approving of the object he has in view, and sincerely admiring the valuable historical book he has contributed to English literature, we hope soon to hear that his generous efforts for the benefit of his fellow-men have been crowned with success.

TWICKENHAM TALES.†

THE "Twickenham Tales" are modelled on the plan of "The Decameron." A party of friends are described as meeting at the house of a gentleman of refined literary tastes. They are invited to spend a few days together, and each to come prepared with a story, the narrative of which is to conclude the amusements of each evening. The invitation is accepted; and as each novelist arrives at Twickenham he is described by the author.

The tales commence with a half-novel, half-romance, entitled "The Lady I saw in Hyde Park. One Tale in Two." This is the longest and the best in the collection. The hero is described as having his attention attracted towards a young lady beset in the park by an ill-looking, meanly-dressed ruffian. The lady appeals to the hero for protection. He aids her, puts her into a cab, and then loses sight of her. She is next seen riding in the park, when she is thrown from her horse by the fellow from whom she had previously been rescued flinging a stick between the horse's legs. The hero again saves the beautiful young lady, conveys her home, and in a few days afterwards has the opportunity of speaking to her. She mystifies him by the boldness of her language, and the boisterous vivacity of her manners. She tells him that she sees he admires her, and her wish is to deter him from falling in love with her. The warning is of no avail. He becomes desperately enamoured, writes a letter explaining his position in life, and seeking her hand. The reply to this letter is an intimation that the lady has left London for the Continent. The hero follows her; proceeds to Florence, discovers the cause of her incomprehensible conduct, is disgusted with her, returns to London, loses sight of her for a few years, then meets her by chance at Cologne, is about to fly from the place to avoid her, when a manuscript is placed in his hand, giving a full account of her previous life, and the result is the restoration of his former affection, followed by a happy marriage. The mystery of the story consists in "the explanation" of the lady; and the pleasure of evolving that mystery we shall not anticipate, but leave to the purchasers of the "Twickenham Tales," assuring them that they will find it, and many other things in the two volumes, very pleasant reading.

"Perseverance in Love," the second story in the book, is an old tale, told in the manner of the ancient writers—simple in its style and quaint in its remarks.

"An Episode in the Life of Godfrey Knox," is the story of a respectable minister of the Established Church, who at fifty years of age is married, through the manoeuvring of a match-making acquaintance, to an old maid. The clergyman finds the advantage of this change in his house being kept in better order, and the lady is contented by an exaltation in her position; and so the aged newly-married go on peaceably together for some time, until they unluckily receive an invitation, in the month of February, from a duke and duchess "to a ball and

supper at G—, at a quarter before ten o'clock." The clergyman is most reluctant to go; but his wife carries the point against him. She prepares a new and splendid dress for the occasion. She is enchanted at the thought of mingling with fashionable society at the duke's, and her vanity is flattered at the thought of seeing her name in the county newspaper amongst the invited guests of "the duke and duchess." But then it is a long way from the rectory to the duke's mansion. The rector and his wife have to travel a dreary and cold journey in a pony-chaise to a market-town, and from thence to proceed in a fly to the ball. They have made their journey; the rector's lady has her ball dress—black satin, with a pink and silver wreath—safely with her. They have arrived chilled and weary at the market-town.

"Immediately on arriving, Mrs. Knox ordered a fire and tea to be placed in a bedroom. The plan met Mr. Knox's entire approval; and as they sat basking before the blazing fire, he even affected to find pleasure in the expedition, declaring that a tedious journey on a February day gave a new and brilliant colouring to a tea-table and the fireside. The tea finished, the ball-dress unpacked, a sense of intense weariness came over the Rector's lady, and she proposed that she should lie down in her dressing-gown, and try to sleep until it was time to dress for the ball, while he might repose in the easy chair by the side of the fire. It was now six o'clock. It would take them about an hour to get to G—. If they left at nine o'clock, they should have ample time; therefore, allowing half-an-hour for dressing, they might count on two hours for repose. Ringing the bell for coals, Mrs. Knox gave the chamber-maid directions that she should knock at the door at eight o'clock and bring warm water. Soothed and comforted by the warmth, though wearied to an overwhelming degree, in ten minutes after she had laid herself on the bed, and covered herself with quilt and blankets, Mrs. Knox sank into the profoundest sleep. Mr. Knox, in spite of the luxury of dressing-gown and slippers, did not so soon lose all consciousness."

The Rector and his wife both fell asleep, and it was not until eight o'clock the next morning that the chambermaid knocked at the door, and the Rector's lady discovered that the ball, for which she had prepared with so much trouble, was past, and gone by for ever! The chambermaid had supposed eight o'clock in the morning had been meant; the poor girl never, for one instant, imagining "that two such quiet-looking people could mean to be awake for a duchess's ball." This well-told little tale does not, however, end with the disappointment of the Rector's lady. Other important incidents, affecting both herself and her husband, were involved in the invitation, the ball, and its consequences, and for an explanation we must refer the reader to "The Twickenham Tales."

The last story in the first volume is "Marriage by Lottery"—a very pretty story, of which the heroine is a poor Irish girl, an orphan, who had been taken care of by an humble woman (a greengrocer), and who lives to reward, by her fidelity and courage, the family that had treated her kindly. The scene of this tale is laid in what is called "low life;" but so happily are the characters developed, it will, we are certain, be read with satisfaction, by all who can feel pleasure in a truthful development of character.

In the second volume the tales are "The Double Shot," "The Diamond Clasp," "Seppy Will," and "A Lawyer's Fishing Adventure; or, Hooking a Case."

All the Tales in these volumes are narrated with spirit; but interwoven with them are two contributions that are out of place—"Swift's Visit to Pope's Villa," and "Reminiscences of Strawberry Hill." Probably the composition of these two papers entailed upon the author more time, trouble, and vexation of spirit than all the tales which he has written; and yet he may rest assured he will find but few persons take the trouble of going through either. The author of "The Twickenham Tales" has a gift for story-telling; but he (she?) lacks the wit of a Lucian, a Plato, a Xenophon, a Minutius Felix, an Erasmus, or a Landor. He or she cannot imagine, much less personify, illustrious debaters and potent controversialists; and has not the power to breathe life again into the dry bones of defunct genius—to revivify, in moving and speaking *simulacra* the spirits of the departed, and recall the peculiar mental powers which won for them fame when they had been mortals.

"The Twickenham Tales" are well worth reading. All the stories are good, and all marked with originality. The inferior portions of these volumes are comprised in the Introduction, and the compositions attributed to "Charles Verney."

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

WE have already referred to the new stories with which the *Cornhill*, *Bentley*, and *Temple Bar* magazines commence the year 1861. *Fraser* is in this respect a rival in the race with its contemporaries; and whilst the first reintroduces one of the contemporaries of "Pendennis," and the second secures for himself a position on his old vantage ground in "the Tower," and the third deals with city life, mixed up with a particle of French-like *diablerie*, the valiant *Fraser* plunges into the vortex of fashionable life, with a heroine in Belgrave-square, and a hero who is an *habitué* of "White's" and "Tattersall's." The title of the story is, "Good for Nothing; or, All Down Hill," by the author of "Digby Grand," "The Interpreter," &c. Of this story there are four chapters, and the last concludes very cleverly; for the hero and supposed heroine are on the point of having a proposal of marriage made, when a mysterious fair lady, with a delicious voice, is seen and heard in a concert-room, and the proposal is not made, and all parties are left in a state of entanglement, the solution of which is to be sought for in a future number.—*Blackwood* is very grave—almost sombre, this month. It begins with a review of "The Political Year;" it then deals with what it designates "The Purist Prayer-Book;" is philosophical on the condition of "Uncivilized Man;" grows over "English Embassies in China;" and its grim pleasure is shown in a fancy sketch, entitled, "Horror! a true tale."—The *Dublin University* is gloomy and sedate as *Blackwood*, and, like all of the Irish race, when in low spirits, disposed to pugnacity, and to discuss a war policy. It begins with a talk about fighting in "a great country's cheap defence;" and it ends by showing what are the probabilities of a "naval warfare between France and England." It proposes an extension of the volunteer system to Ireland.—In the *National* there is a very happily-written sketch of Thomas Duncombe, M.P. for Finsbury, from the practised pen of Mr. J. Ewing Ritchie.—The *Foresters' Miscellany*—the organ of a most influential society—gives its support, in two articles, to the volunteer movement.—*Duffy's Hibernian* is an interesting periodical, not merely on account of the "Irish" antiquarian intelligence supplied by such a writer as Dr. Donovan, but also for the variety of its contents, its light and lively essays, as well as Irish stories.—In the *Westminster Review* there is a very interesting article, entitled, "Alcohol: what becomes of it in the Human Body?" The moral which the writer wishes to convey may be stated in a very few words, namely, "That the true source of strength of body is to be found in nutritious food and active exertion, rather than in the use of alcoholic drinks." At the same time it is admitted, that there are certain persons and classes upon whom "alcohol (in small doses), tea, and tobacco, have the power of exerting a most potent *calmative* influence."—The *New Quarterly Review* continues in the present month a subject—"The Newspaper Press," which it started in a preceding number, and that attracted a great deal of observation. The writer endeavours to show that much mischief is done by what he regards as "the cheap-priced radical newspapers." He would wish to retaliate on them, by having "a

* *Ishmael*; or, a Natural History of Islamism, and its relation to Christianity. By the Rev. Dr. J. Muehleisen-Arnold, formerly Church Missionary in Asia and Africa, and late Chaplain of St. Mary's Hospital, London. London: Rivingtons, Waterloo-place. 1860.

† *The Moslem Mission Field*; or, the First Appeal on behalf of the Society for propagating the Gospel among the (180,000,000 of) Moslems. By the Rev. Dr. J. Muehleisen-Arnold. London: Rivingtons, Waterloo-place. 1860.

† *Twickenham Tales*. By a Society of Novelists. In Two Volumes. London: James Hogg & Sons.

conservative organ in active circulation amongst the working population of the manufacturing towns," because he affirms that in such places there is "an appalling amount of squalor which the rampant radical journals take especial care not to make known to the world." We doubt very much the accuracy of this assertion.—*Colburn's New Monthly* (under the able editorship of Mr. Harrison Ainsworth) claims, in one respect, a pre-eminence beyond its contemporaries, for it commences the new year with two new stories—"Granville de Vigne; a tale of the day," and "The Curse of Wolfheimberg." The heroes and heroines of the first story are all devoted to the chase—the principal character, a young gentleman with an income of forty thousand pounds a year, is described as falling in love with a handsome, haughty dame, because she kept well up with him in a hard run after a fox. The tale is told with great spirit; but we must own we cannot feel the same interest in the hero which the author has manifestly taken in describing him. The "Curse of Wolfheimberg" is an interesting German tale.—In the *Art Journal* this month, there are illustrations of "War," engraved by P. Lightfoot from the original by T. Drummond, R.S.A., in the Royal collection at Osborne; of "Caligula's Palace: Bay of Baia," engraved by E. Goodall, from the picture by Turner, in the National Gallery; and of "The Friends," from the picture of Sir E. Landseer. There are four particularly good papers by Mr. Heaphey, Mr. Purnell, Mr. Fairholt, and Walter Thornbury. The *Art Journal* commences its twenty-third volume with noble specimens of the talent it has at its command in every department.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

Kent's Christmas Yule Log, 1861. Boston: John Morton. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.—In this little publication there is given an almanack for the year 1861. Its principal attractions consist in the local legends and anecdotes it has collected. First, it shows how the weather for the past year has affected agricultural operations in Lincolnshire. Next, under the title of "Billy Shuffler and the Lincolnshire Witches," it gives a legend, partly in prose and partly in rhyme, of the wicked doings of certain witches who stole a child out of a cradle in Longwood, with the fell intention of boiling it in their "cauldrons, and making charms on its bones;" and upon being pursued by the father and servants, abandoning the infant, and seizing upon the horse which Billy Shuffler rode—Billy Shuffler being the representative of a class of men who boast much when there is no appearance of danger, and prove themselves to be rank cowards in periods of real peril. This legend is followed by the story of "A Christmas Ghost," that disturbed a festive party at Netheringham; but afterwards proved to be nothing more terrific than a harmless cat, drowned in a water-barrel. Short biographies are given of a few celebrated Lincolnshire men—Sir Edmund Anderson, one of Queen Elizabeth's judges; George Bass, the discoverer of "Bass's Straits;" Herbert Ingram, M.P., and his son. In the poetical department there are lines addressed to "Garibaldi, King of Men," "The Song of the Yule Log," and the "Cormorant on the Steeple." The last is written in the same metre as Poe's celebrated lines on "the Raven." It is founded on the fact, that on the very day Mr. Ingram, M.P. for Boston, was drowned in Lake Michigan, a cormorant—a bird of evil omen—was observed by the inhabitants of the town perched on the steeple of St. Botolph's church; and, as the author of the poem remarks, what makes it more strange, is the fact that the lamented gentleman was the owner of St. Botolph's living."

The Family Friend—Christmas, 1860.—A very charming volume, devoted "to innocent mirth as well as social wisdom." It is profusely illustrated, and contains, amongst other matters, an illustrated story, needlework patterns, "notes and queries" for naturalists, poetry, moral stories for old and young, scraps upon gardening and angling, extracts from good books, household receipts, &c.

Nephalism, the true Temperance of Scripture, Science, and Experience. By James Miller, F.R.S.E. Glasgow: Scottish Temperance League.—This volume is the substance of a series of lectures delivered to the students of the University of Edinburgh. The Committee of the University Temperance Society were so gratified by the reasoning displayed and facts introduced in the lectures of Mr. Miller, Professor of Surgery in the University, that they requested him to give to the public the benefit of his learning and arguments, by embodying all he had stated in a volume for general distribution. The cause of temperance has seldom found so able and energetic an advocate as Professor Miller. As a counterpoise to what may be considered a general failing, we trust this volume may attract that amount of attention to which its intrinsic merits entitle it.

Memoirs and Essays, illustrative of Art, Literature, and Social Morals, by Mrs. Jameson. London: Richard Bentley, New Burlington-street, Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty. This is a new edition of Essays, by the gifted and accomplished author of "The Characteristics of Women," "Memoirs of Female Sovereigns," "Winter Studies and Summer Rambles." The subjects of the several Essays are "The House of Titian," "Adelaide Kemble," "The Xanthian Marbles," "Washington Allston," "Woman's Mission, and Woman's Position," and "The Relative Social Position of Mothers and Governesses." It is unnecessary to praise compositions which have already received the stamp of public approbation.

THE BENEFIT OF A GOOD EXAMPLE.—Dinan, in the Cotes du Nord, is one of the prettiest towns in all Brittany. Amongst other advantages possessed by it may be counted its respectable British residents. In Dinan are to be found no persons—English, Irish, or Scotch—of doubtful reputation; or if any such venture inside its precincts, they soon discover it to be impossible to gain access to the homes of the English settlers. Within the last fortnight a very sad event has occurred in Dinan, viz., the death of the British Chaplain. The Rev. Richard Archer Julian has been called from this world at the early age of thirty years, leaving a young widow and two children. The event is regarded as a general calamity in that part of France; for whilst the youthful and gifted clergyman edified his own flock by his piety he won the admiration and respect of all other sects by his meekness, gentleness, and untiring acts of charity. The British residents of Dinan determined, at a public meeting a few days since, to raise a monument commemorative of the Rev. Mr. Julian. The moment this determination became known amongst the respectable Roman Catholics of the town, they requested permission to be allowed to subscribe to the same object. At a time when society is so much disturbed with the bitterness of sectarian feelings, it is pleasant to be able to point to one spot in which all persons, of all religious persuasions, English, Irish, Scotch, and French, combine together to testify their admiration of an amiable and a good man, who in every action of his life afforded the proof that he was animated with none other than feelings of Christian charity towards all mankind. The monument to his memory will be the proof that the good lessons he taught and practised; others, inspired by his example, have imitated.

AN OLD MAN'S SONG.

AIR—"John Brown."

WHEN I wander up and down,
Through the highways of the town,
I can study men and manners as I go, Young Man;
I can watch the follies run,
Idly flaring in the sun,
And the vices and the falsehoods where they grow, Young Man.
If I see an arrant knave
In his chariot, looking brave,
Splashing up the mud on me and on you, Young Man;
I can pass him quite resigned,
And exclaim with quiet mind,
"I would rather walk in tatters and be true, Young Man."

When I see the large domain
Of some rogue in girth and grain,
And his pleasant woodland castle on the hill, Young Man;
Or the mansion in the square,
With its tomes and pictures rare,
Of some fraudulent concoctor of a Pill, Young Man;
Or the little snug retreats
Of the pettifogging cheats,
Who empoison all they bake and all they brew, Young Man;
I can go to bed and say,
In my attic, when I pray,
"I would rather rent a wigwam and be true, Young Man."

When I see a man who thrives
Out of other people's lives,—
Out of stolen goods, false measure, and short weight, Young Man;
Who gives dinners, suppers, balls,
And when shivering Hunger calls,
Sends it groaning to the niggard workhouse gate, Young Man;
I can look clear-eyed to Heaven,
Saying, "Be my sins forgiven,
"Let my heart be free of pride, whate'er I do," Young Man.
"But in utter scorn I hold
"All such creatures and their gold,
"For I'd rather sweep a crossing and be true, Young Man."

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

MESSRS. Longman have some important works in preparation. Among them are "Popular Education of France," with notes on that of Holland and Belgium; a Report to the Royal Commission of Popular Education, with additions and introduction, by Matthew Arnold, Foreign Commissioner to the Commission; "Lectures on the History of England," by William Longman; "The Life and Travels of St. Paul,"—a description of the countries, towns, and islands mentioned in the journeys of St. Paul, by W. McLeod, F.R.G.S.; "The Forms, Complications, Causes, Prevention, and Treatment of Consumption," by James Copland; "The History of Medicine," comprising a narrative of its progress from the earliest ages to the present time, as well as of the delusions incidental to its advancement from empiricism to the dignity of a science, by Edward Meryon; "Physiology for Schools," preceded by first steps in physiology for beginners, by John Marshall, F.R.S.; "A Glossary of Mineralogy," embracing the physical characters and chemical compositions of the metalliferous and earthy minerals, and a popular account of their history and applications, by H. W. Bristow. The above publishers also announce for immediate publication the "London Catalogue of Periodicals and Newspapers," the twentieth annual edition, corrected to 1861, including the transactions of various societies, and a list of metropolitan printing societies and clubs.

Messrs. Routledge are preparing for immediate publication, "The Life of the Earl of Dundonald," by Joseph Allen, author of "The Life of Nelson;" with portrait and illustrations. This work is meant as a companion to "Southey's Life of Nelson."

Mr. James Blackwood has the following work in preparation:—"Arminius; or, the History of the German People, and their Legal and Constitutional Customs, from the days of Julius Cæsar to the days of Charlemagne;" by the late Thomas Smith, F.S.A.

Messrs. Hurst & Blackett have two new novels in the press: "Katherine and her Sisters," by Lady Emily Ponsonby, author of the "Discipline of Life;" and "The Daily Governess," by the author of "Cousin Geoffrey."

Messrs. Smith & Elder have in the press "Education in Oxford, its Method, its Aids, and its Rewards," by James Thorold Rogers, one of the Delegates of the Oxford Local Examinations: "Memories of Merton," by John Bruce Norton; being a series of 150 Sonnets composed in memory of Merton College, Oxford, of which place Mr. Norton was a student. The above firm also announce cheap editions of the "Autobiography of Leigh Hunt," with an Introduction by his eldest Son; and a new edition of "Transformation; or, the Romance of Monte-Beni," by Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Messrs. Griffin, Bohn, & Co., have become the purchasers of Henry Mayhew's well-known works "London Labour and the London Poor," and the "Great World of London." The former work is, we believe, in type, and includes a third volume as yet unpublished, although as many as 28,000, or more, of the first numbers were sold. The "Great World of London," owing to various causes, was not finished, but those obstacles being removed, we may hope to see the work completed, a thing much to be wished; for no author has done so much as Mr. Mayhew to let the upper half of the world know how the other half live.

Rumour announces the intended establishment of a new daily penny newspaper, by Mr. Stiff, the proprietor of the *Weekly Times* and the *London Journal*. A similar attempt is, we understand, about to be made by another proprietary. One of the neophytes is to be placed under the editorial guidance of Mr. Russell, for many years editor of the *Scotchman*.

Mr. Sidney Laman Blanchard, formerly editor of the *Express* newspaper, and for some years past connected with Indian literature, having been editor of the *Mofussilite*, at Agra, and the *Bengal Hurkaru*, at Calcutta, having lately returned

to this country, has accepted the editorship of the *Preston Herald*, a paper devoted to Conservative principles.

Mr. Robert Hardwicke announces "Old Bones; or, Notes for Young Naturalists," by the Rev. W. S. Symonds; and the "Foot and its Coverings," comprising a full translation of Dr. Camper's work on the "Best Form of Shoe," by James Dowie.

Messrs. Dean & Son have nearly ready a new book for Boys, entitled "Men of Deed and Daring;" also a new movable Child's book, called the "Pussy Party."

Messrs. Cassell announce a superior edition of their "Illustrated Family Bible," printed on extra fine super-royal paper.

The Religious Tract Society will issue a new periodical under the head of "The Cottager," which deserves mention, as it is addressed mainly to the less-educated portion of the community, and will be attractively got up, and a portion of it printed in large type.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

FROM DECEMBER 27TH TO JANUARY 3RD.

- | | |
|---|---|
| A Few Words about Children. Fcap. 8vo. cloth. 1s. | James's (Rev. J. A.) Works. Vol. VI. Post 8vo. cloth. 7s. 6d. |
| Aston (F.). Tehinovicks. 1 vol. Post 8vo. cloth. 7s. 6d. | King's (Rev. C. W.) Antique Gems, their Origin, Use, and Value. £2. 2s. |
| Bell (Rev. C. D.). Night Scenes of the Bible. Crown 8vo. cloth. 6s. 6d. | Knight's Cyclopædia. Vol. VI. 4to. cloth. 12s. |
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| Cassell's Illustrated History of England. Vol. I. New series. Royal 8vo. cloth. 6s. | Lever. One of Them. 8vo. cloth. 10s. |
| Cox (Rev. G. W.). Tales from Greek Mythology. Cloth. 3s. 6d. | Llanworth (Lady). Memoirs of Mrs. Delany. £2. 2s. |
| Clarke's (A.) Commentary. Vol. I. New edition. Imp. 8vo. cloth. 15s. | Lyon's (Rev. S.) Claudia and Pudens. Crown 8vo. cloth. 4s. 6d. |
| Dublin University Calendar for 1861. Cloth. 3s. 6d. | Marryatt (Horace). A Residence in Jutland. 2 vols. 8vo. cloth. £1. 4s. |
| Eveline. By the Author of "Poor Paddy's Cabin." 16mo. limp. 1s. | Minnie's Love, by author of "Trap to Catch a Sunbeam." Post 8vo. 10s. 6d. |
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| Gregg (T. D.). The Way, the Truth, and the Life. 8vo. cloth. 12s. 6d. | The Builder's and Contractor's Price Book for 1861. Sixth edition, revised by G. R. Brunell. 12mo. cloth. 4s. |
| Hymns and Pictures. Containing sixteen quarto coloured plates. 4to. cloth. £4. | The Gloucester and Bristol Diocesan Calendar for 1861. Post 8vo. sewed. 1s. |
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| Hunt's (Leigh) Autobiography. 2s. 6d. | Vinet's (A.) Vital Christianity. 12mo. 2s. |
| Inman (Thomas). Foundation for a Theory of Medicine. Crown 8vo. cloth. 10s. | Valdez (F. T.). Six Years in Western Africa. Two vols. £1. 10s. 0s. |
| James (Rev. J. A.). Family Monitor, Edited by his Son. 12mo. cloth. 4s. 6d. | Wornum's (R. N.) Characteristics of Styles. 8vo. cloth. 8s. |

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

MEETINGS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY,	8 P.M.	Entomological—12, Bedford-row.
"	8 "	British Architects—9, Conduit-street, Hanover-square.
"	8½ "	Medical—32A, George-street, Hanover-square.
TUESDAY,	8½ "	Medical and Chirurgical—53, Berners-street, Oxford-street.
"	8 "	Civil Engineers—25, Great George-street, Westminster.
"	9 "	Zoological—11, Hanover-square.
"	7½ "	Syro-Egyptian—22, Hart-street, Bloomsbury-square.
WEDNESDAY,	8 "	Geological—Somerset House.
"	8 "	Graphic—Flaxman Hall, University College.
"	8 "	Microscopical—King's College, Strand.
"	3 "	Literary Fund—4, Adelphi-terrace, Adelphi.
"	8½ "	R. S. Literature—4, St. Martin's-place.
"	8½ "	Archæological Association—32, Sackville-street.
THURSDAY,	8½ "	Royal—Burlington House.
"	8½ "	Antiquaries—Somerset House.
"	8 "	Philological Astronomical Society—Somerset House.
"	6 "	Royal Society Club—Thatched House Tavern.
FRIDAY,	8 "	Astronomical—Somerset House.
"	4 "	Archæological Institute—26, Suffolk-street, Pall-mall East.

* * ALL COMMUNICATIONS ARE REQUESTED TO BE ADDRESSED TO "THE EDITOR," AND NOT TO ANY GENTLEMAN BY NAME, CONNECTED, OR SUPPOSED TO BE CONNECTED, WITH "THE LONDON REVIEW."

THE INDEX FOR THE VOLUME will be published with the Number for next Saturday. All the Numbers from the commencement are now complete, and any single Number will be forwarded by post on receipt of Five Postage Stamps. Covers for binding the Volume are now ready, price 2s. each.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—ARRANGEMENTS FOR WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JANUARY 12TH.

LAST WEEK OF THE GREAT CHRISTMAS REVELS, JUVENILE FESTIVAL, and FANCY FAIR. The SHADOW PANTOMIME each Evening at Half-past Four.

Mr. J. H. PEPPER will RE-COMMENCE his ILLUSTRATED LECTURES and ENTERTAINMENT on Monday. On the same day the FORESTERS will hold their FIRST WINTER FESTIVAL at the Palace, concluding with a GRAND TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION through the Grounds in the Evening, and, weather permitting, the Terrace Fountains will be displayed, illuminated with coloured fires.

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Engagement of the celebrated Troupe of Dogs and Monkeys.—On MONDAY, January 7th, and during the week, the Programme will be as follows:—

- Twelve o'clock.—Dissolving Views and Lecture.—Mr. J. H. Pepper.
- One o'clock.—The Royal Punch and Judy.
- Half-past One.—Signor Poletti, the Italian Wizard.
- Quarter to Two.—The Brothers Tallent in their celebrated Globe Performance.
- Two o'clock.—The Cure, Mr. J. H. Stead.
- An interval of one hour for promenade and refreshment.
- Quarter-past three.—Messrs. Bryan and Conley, the Parisian Buffos.
- Half-past Three.—Performing Dogs and Monkeys.
- Four o'clock.—Comic Scene by Donkeys.
- Quarter-past Four.—The Brothers Tolleen (La Trapeze).
- Half-past Four.—Shadow Pantomime.
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THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Monday, January 7th, and

during the Week.—DOES HE LOVE ME?—Mr. Buckstone and Miss Fanny Stirling. After which the Entomological Christmas Pantomime QUEEN LADY-BIRD AND HER CHILDREN, Fly away Home, the unrivalled Leclercqs, Herr Cole, Fanny Wright, &c. The Performances during the week will conclude at Eleven o'clock. A Morning Performance of the Pantomime on Thursday next, January 10th, and every Thursday, commencing at Two, and concluding at a quarter-past Four.

NEW THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.—Sole Proprietor and Manager

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